

THE LIVING AGE.

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IN MEETINGS FOR PRAYER, AND IN CHURCHES.

A. POTTER, Bishop, etc.

Philadelphia, April 23d, 1861.

PRAYER IN TIME OF PUBLIC CALAMITIES, DANGERS, OR DIFFICULTIES.

O most mighty God ! King of kings and Lord of lords, without whose care the watchman waketh but in vain, we implore, in this our time of need, thy succor and blessing in behalf of our rulers and magistrates, and of all the people of this land. Remember not our many and great transgressions ; turn from us the judgments which we feel, and the yet greater judgments which we fear ; and give us wisdom to discern, and faithfulness to do, and patience to endure, whatsoever shall be well-pleasing in thy sight ; that so thy chastenings may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and that at the last we may rejoice in thy salvation ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

PRAYER DURING OUR PRESENT NATIONAL TROUBLES.

O ALMIGHTY God, who art a strong tower of defence to those who put their trust in thee, whose power no creature is able to resist, we make our humble cry to thee in this hour of our country's need. Thy property is always to have mercy. Deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities ; but stretch forth the right hand of thy Majesty, and be our defence, for thy name's sake. Have pity upon our brethren who are in arms against the constituted authorities of the land, and show them the error of their way. Shed upon the counsels of our rulers the spirit of wisdom and moderation and firmness, and unite the hearts of our people as the heart of one man in upholding the supremacy of law, and the cause of justice and peace. Abate the violence of passion ; banish pride and prejudice from every heart, and incline us all to trust in thy righteous Providence, and to be ready for every duty. And oh, that in thy great mercy, thou wouldst hasten the return of unity and concord to our borders, and so order all things that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These things, and whatever else thou shalt see to be necessary and convenient for us, we humbly beg through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

PRAYER FOR THOSE EXPOSED TO DANGER.

ALMIGHTY God, the Saviour of all men, we humbly commend to thy tender care and sure protection, thy servants who have gone forth at the call of their country, to defend its government and to protect us in our property and homes. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, be over them ; let thy Holy Spirit be with them ; let thy good angels have charge of them ; with thy loving-kindness defend them as with a shield, and either bring them out of their peril in safety, with a heart to show forth thy praises forever, or else sustain them with that glorious hope, by which alone thy servants can have victory in suffering and death ; through the sole merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

O ALMIGHTY God, King of all kings, and Governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent, save and deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies ; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices ; that we, being armed with thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify thee, who art the only Giver of all victory ; through the merits of thy only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND ALL IN AUTHORITY.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority ; and so replenish them with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way. Endue them plenteously with thy heavenly gifts ; grant them in health and prosperity long to live ; and finally after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR UNITY.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace, give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord : that as there is but one body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all ; so we may henceforth be all of one heart and one soul, united in the holy bond of truth, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.

ATTEMPTS AT CLASSIC METRES IN QUANTITY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

*Hexameters and Pentameters.*THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd musio
of Homer!No—but a most burlesque barbarous experi-
ment.When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses,
in England?When did a frog coarser croak upon our Heli-
con?Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave
us,

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!

MILTON.

Alcaics.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,

O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,

God-gifted organ-voice of England,

Milton, a name to resound for ages;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,

Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,

Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean

Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,

The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,

And bloom profuse and cedar arches

Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,

Where some refulgent sunset of India

Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,

And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods

Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Hendecasyllabics.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,

Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,

Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem

All composed in a metre of Catullus,

All in quantity, careful of my motion,

Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,

Lest I fall unawares before the people,

Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.

Should I flounder awhile without a tumble

Thro' this metrification of Catullus,

They should speak to me not without a welcome,

All that chorus of indolent reviewers.

Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,

So fantastical is the dainty metre.

Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me

Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.

O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—

Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—

As some exquisite rose, a piece of inmost

Horticultural art, or half coquette-like

Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

Some, and among these one at least of our
best and greatest, have endeavored to giveus the *Iliad* in English hexameters, and by
what appears to me their failure, have gone
far to prove the impossibility of the task. I
have long held by our blank verse in this
matter, and now, after having spoken so
disrespectfully here of these hexameters, I
venture, or rather feel bound, to subjoin a
specimen, however brief and with whatever
demerits, of a blank-verse translation.He ceased, and sealike roar'd the Trojan host,
And loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and
heapedTheir firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Rolled the rich vapor far into the heaven.

And these all night sat on the bridge of war

Triumphant; many a fire before them blazed:

As when in heaven the stars about the moon

Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,

And every height comes out, and jutting peak

And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all the stars

Shine, and the hind rejoices in his heart:

So many a fire between the ships and stream

Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,

A thousand on the plain; and close by each

Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;

And champing golden grain their horses stood,

† Hard by the chariots, waiting for the dawn.

—*Iliad* 8. 542-561.* Or, "wine sweet to the mind," but I use this
epithet simply as a synonym of "sweet."† Or, if something like the spondaic close of the
line be required,—

"And waited—by their chariots—the fair dawn."

Or more literally,—

"And, champing the white barley and spelt, their
steeds

Stood by the cars, waiting the throned morn."

BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling!

He's been in our ship but a year;

He is not yet versed in our lingo,

Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But soon he'll learn more of the billows,

And learn the salt taste of the wave;

One voyage, tho' short, is sufficient,

Our ports are the Cradle and Grave!

—*Chambers's Journal*.

PART II.

COUSIN HOLMAN gave me the weekly county newspaper to read aloud to her, while she mended stockings out of a high piled-up basket, Phillis helping her mother. I read and read, unregardful of the words I was uttering, thinking of all manner of other things; of the bright color of Phillis's hair, as the afternoon sun fell on her bending head; of the silence of the house, which enabled me to hear the double tick of the old clock, which stood half-way up the stairs; of the variety of inarticulate noises which Cousin Holman made while I read, to show her sympathy, wonder, or horror at the newspaper intelligence. The tranquil monotony of that hour made me feel as if I had lived forever, and should live forever, droning out paragraphs in that warm, sunny room, with my two quiet hearers, and the curled-up pussy-cat sleeping on the hearth-rug, and the clock on the house-stairs perpetually clicking out the passage of the moments. By and by Betty, the servant, came to the door into the kitchen, and made a sign to Phillis, who put her half-mended stocking down, and went away to the kitchen without a word. Looking at Cousin Holman a minute or two afterwards, I saw that she had dropped her chin upon her breast, and had fallen fast asleep. I put the newspaper down, and was nearly following her example, when a waft of air from some unseen source, slightly opened the door of communication with the kitchen, that Phillis must have left unfastened; and I saw part of her figure as she sat by the dresser, peeling apples with quick dexterity of finger, but with repeated turnings of her head towards some book lying on the dresser by her. I softly rose, and as softly went into the kitchen, and looked over her shoulder; before she was aware of my neighborhood, I had seen that the book was in a language unknown to me, and the running title was "L'Inferno." Just as I was making out the relationship of this word to "infernal," she started and turned round, and, as if continuing her thought as she spoke, she sighed out,—

"Oh, it is so difficult! Can you help me?" putting her finger below a line.

"Me! I! Not I! I don't even know what language it is in!"

"Don't you see it is Dante?" she replied, almost petulantly; she did so want help.

"Italian, then?" said I, dubiously; for I was not quite sure.

"Yes. And I do so want to make it out: Father can help me a little, for he knows Latin; but then he has so little time."

"You have not much, I should think, if you have often to try and do two things at once, as you are doing now."

"Oh! that's nothing! Father bought a heap of old books cheap. And I knew something about Dante before; and I have always liked Virgil so much! Paring apples is nothing, if I could only make out this old Italian. I wish you knew it."

"I wish I did," said I, moved by her impetuosity of tone. "If, now, only Mr. Holdsworth were here; he can speak Italian like anything, I believe."

"Who is Mr. Holdsworth?" said Phillis, looking up.

"Oh, he's our head engineer. He's a regular first-rate fellow! He can do anything," my hero-worship and my pride in my chief all coming into play. Besides, if I was not clever and book-learned myself, it was something to belong to some one who was.

"How is it that he speaks Italian?" asked Phillis.

"He had to make a railway through Piedmont, which is in Italy, I believe; and he had to talk to all the workmen in Italian; and I have heard him say that for nearly two years he had only Italian books to read in the queer, outlandish places he was in."

"Oh, dear!" said Phillis; "I wish—" and then she stopped. I was not quite sure whether to say the next thing that came into my mind: but I said it.

"Could I ask him anything about your book, or your difficulties?" She was silent for a minute or two, and then she made reply,—

"No! I think not. Thank you very much, though. I can generally puzzle a thing out in time. And then, perhaps, I remember it better than if some one had helped me. I'll put it away now, and you must move off, for I've got to make the paste for the pies; we always have a cold dinner on sabbaths."

"But I may stay and help you, mayn't I?"

"Oh, yes; not that you can help at all, but I like to have you with me."

I was both flattered and annoyed at this straightforward avowal. I was pleased that

she liked me; but I was young coxcomb enough to have wished to play the lover, and I was quite wise enough to perceive that if she had any idea of the kind in her head she would never have spoken out so frankly. I comforted myself immediately, however, by finding out that the grapes were sour. A great tall girl in a pinafore, half a head taller than I was, reading books that I had never heard of, and talking about them, too, as of far more interest than any mere personal subjects: that was the last day on which I ever thought of my dear Cousin Phillis as the possible mistress of my heart and life. But we were all the greater friends for this idea being utterly put away and buried out of sight.

Late in the evening the minister came home from Hornby. He had been calling on the different members of his flock; and unsatisfactory work it had proved to him, it seemed from the fragments that dropped out of his thoughts into his talk.

"I don't see the men; they are all at their business, their shops, or their warehouses: they ought to be there. I have no fault to find with them; only if a pastor's teaching or words of admonition are good for anything, they are needed by the men as much as by the women."

"Cannot you go and see them in their places of business, and remind them of their Christian privileges and duties, minister?" asked Cousin Holman, who evidently thought that her husband's words could never be out of place.

"No!" said he, shaking his head. "I judge them by myself. If there are clouds in the sky, and I am getting in the hay just ready for loading, and rain sure to come in the night, I should look ill upon Brother Robinson if he came into the field to speak about serious things."

"But, at any rate, father, you do good to the women, and perhaps they repeat what you have said to them to their husbands and children?"

"It is to be hoped they do, for I cannot reach the men directly; but the women are apt to tarry before coming to me, to put on ribbons and gauds, as if they could hear the message I bear to them best in their smart clothes. Mrs. Dobson to-day—Phillis, I am thankful thou dost not care for the vanities of dress!"

Phillis reddened a little as she said, in a low, humble voice,—

"But I do, father, I'm afraid. I often wish I could wear pretty-colored ribbons round my throat like the squire's daughters."

"It's but natural, minister!" said his wife. "I'm not above liking a silk gown better than a cotton one, myself!"

"The love of dress is a temptation and a snare," said he, gravely. "The true adornment is a meek and quiet spirit. And, wife," said he, as a sudden thought crossed his mind, "in that matter I, too, have sinned. I wanted to ask you, could we not sleep in the gray room instead of our own?"

"Sleep in the gray room?—change our room at this time o' day?" Cousin Holman asked, in dismay.

"Yes," said he. "It would save me from a daily temptation to anger. Look at my chin!" he continued. "I cut it this morning—I cut it on Wednesday when I was shaving; I do not know how many times I have cut it of late, and all from impatience at seeing Timothy Cooper at his work in the yard."

"He's a downright lazy tyke!" said Cousin Holman. "He's not worth his wage. There's but little he can do, and what he can do, he does badly."

"True," said the minister. "But he is but, so to speak, a half-wit; and yet he has got a wife and children."

"More shame for him!"

"But that is past change. And if I turn him off, no one else will take him on. Yet I cannot help watching him of a morning as he goes sauntering about his work in the yard; and I watch, and I watch, till the old Adam rises strong within me at his lazy ways, and some day, I am afraid, I shall go down and send him about his business,—let alone the way in which he makes me cut myself while I'm shaving—and then his wife and children will starve. I wish we could move to the gray room."

I do not remember much more of my first visit to the Hope Farm. We went to chapel in Heathbridge, slowly and decorously walking along the lanes, ruddy and tawny with the coloring of the coming autumn. The minister walked a little before us, his hands behind his back, his head bent down, thinking about the discourse to be delivered to his

people, Cousin Holmansaid; and we spoke low and quietly, in order not to interrupt his thoughts. But I could not help noticing the respectful greetings which he received from both rich and poor as we went along,—greetings which he acknowledged with a kindly wave of his hand, but with no words of reply. As we drew near the town, I could see some of the young fellows we met cast admiring looks on Phillis; and that made me look too. She had on a white gown, and a short black silk cloak, according to the fashion of the day. A straw bonnet with brown ribbon strings; that was all. But what her dress wanted in color, her sweet bonny face had. The walk made her cheeks bloom like the rose; the very whites of her eyes had a blue tinge in them, and her dark eyelashes brought out the depth of the blue eyes themselves. Her yellow hair was put away as straight as its natural curliness would allow. If she did not perceive the admiration she excited, I am sure Cousin Holman did; for she looked as fierce and as proud as ever her quiet face could look, guarding her treasure, and yet glad to perceive that others could see that it was a treasure. That afternoon I had to return to Eltham to be ready for the next day's work. I found out afterwards that the minister and his family were all "exercised in spirit," as to whether they did well in asking me to repeat my visits at the Hope Farm, seeing that of necessity I must return to Eltham on the sabbath-day. However, they did go on asking me, and I went on visiting them, whenever my other engagements permitted me, Mr. Holdsworth being in this case, as in all, a kind and indulgent friend. Nor did my new acquaintances oust him from my strong regard and admiration. I had room in my heart for all, I am happy to say, and as far as I can remember I kept praising each to the other in a manner which, if I had been an older man, living more amongst people of the world, I should have thought unwise, as well as a little ridiculous. It was unwise, certainly, as it was almost sure to cause disappointment if ever they did become acquainted; and perhaps it was ridiculous, though I do not think we any of us thought it so at the time. The minister used to listen to my accounts of Mr. Holdsworth's many accomplishments and various adventures in travel with the truest interest, and most kindly good faith; and Mr. Holdsworth, in return, liked to hear about my

visits to the farm, and description of my cousin's life there—liked it, I mean, as much as he liked anything that was merely narrative, without leading to action.

So I went to the farm certainly, on an average, once a month during that autumn; the course of life there was so peaceful and quiet, that I can only remember one small event, and that was one that I think I took more notice of than any one else: Phillis left off wearing the pinafores that had always been so obnoxious to me; I do not know why they were banished, but on one of my visits I found them replaced by pretty linen aprons in the morning, and a black silk one in the afternoon. And the blue cotton gown became a brown stuff one as winter drew on; this sounds like some book I once read, in which a migration from the blue bed to the brown was spoken of as a great family event.

Towards Christmas my dear father came to see me, and to consult Mr. Holdsworth about the improvement which has since been known as "Manning's driving wheel." Mr. Holdsworth, as I think I have before said, had a very great regard for my father, who had been employed in the same great machine-shop in which Mr. Holdsworth had served his apprenticeship; and he and my father had many mutual jokes about one of these gentlemen-apprentices who used to set about his smith's work in white wash-leather gloves, for fear of spoiling his hands. Mr. Holdsworth often spoke to me about my father as having the same kind of genius for mechanical invention as that of George Stevenson, and my father had come over now to consult him about several improvements, as well as an offer of partnership. It was a great pleasure to me to see the mutual regard of these two men. Mr. Holdsworth, young, handsome, keen, well-dressed, an object of admiration to all the youth of Eltham; my father, in his decent but unfashionable Sunday clothes, his plain, sensible face full of hard lines, the marks of toil and thought,—his hands, blackened beyond the power of soap and water by years of labor in the foundry; speaking a strong Northern dialect, while Mr. Holdsworth had a long soft drawl in his voice, as many of the Southerners have, and was reckoned in Eltham to give himself airs.

Although most of my father's leisure time was occupied with conversations about the business I have mentioned, he felt that he

ought not to leave Eltham without going to pay his respects to the relations who had been so kind to his son. So he and I ran up on an engine along the incomplete line as far as Heathbridge, and went, by invitation, to spend a day at the farm.

It was odd and yet pleasant to me to perceive how these two men, each having led, up to this point, such totally dissimilar lives, seemed to come together by instinct, after one quiet, straight look into each other's faces. My father was a thin, wiry man of five foot seven; the minister was a broad-shouldered, fresh-colored man of six foot one; they were neither of them great talkers in general,—perhaps the minister the most so,—but they spoke much to each other. My father went into the fields with the minister; I think I see him now, with his hands behind his back, listening intently to all explanations of tillage, and the different processes of farming; occasionally taking up an implement, as if unconsciously, and examining it with a critical eye, and now and then asking a question, which I could see was considered as pertinent by his companion. Then we returned to look at the cattle, housed and bedded in expectation of the snow-storm hanging black on the western horizon, and my father learned the points of a cow with as much attention as if he meant to turn farmer. He had his little book that he used for mechanical memoranda and measurements in his pockets, and he took it out to write down “straight back,” “small muzzle,” “deep barrel,” and I know not what else, under the head “cow.” He was very critical on a turnip-cutting machine, the clumsiness of which first incited him to talk; and when we went into the house he sat thinking and quiet for a bit, while Phillis and her mother made the last preparations for tea, with a little unheeded apology from Cousin Holman, because we were not sitting in the best parlor, which she thought might be chilly on so cold a night. I wanted nothing better than the blazing, crackling fire that sent a glow over all the house-place, and warmed the snowy flags under our feet till they seemed to have more heat than the crimson rug right in front of the fire. After tea, as Phillis and I were talking together very happily, I heard an irrepressible exclamation from Cousin Holman,—

“Whatever is the man about!”

And on looking round, I saw my father

taking a straight burning stick out of the fire, and, after waiting for a minute, and examining the charred end to see if it was fitted for his purpose, he went to the hard-wood dresser, scoured to the last pitch of whiteness and cleanliness, and began drawing with the stick, the best substitute for chalk or charcoal within his reach; for his pocket-book pencil was not strong or bold enough for his purpose. When he had done, he began to explain his new model of a turnip-cutting machine to the minister, who had been watching him in silence all the time. Cousin Holman had, in the mean time, taken a duster out of a drawer, and, under pretence of being as much interested as her husband in the drawing, was secretly trying on an outside mark how easily it would come off, and whether it would leave her dresser as white as before. Then Phillis was sent for the book on dynamics, about which I had been consulted during my first visit, and my father had to explain many difficulties, which he did in language as clear as his mind, making drawings with his stick, wherever they were needed as illustrations, the minister sitting with his massive head resting on his hands, his elbows on the table, almost unconscious of Phillis, leaning over and listening greedily, with her hand on his shoulder, sucking in information like her father's own daughter. I was rather sorry for Cousin Holman; I had been so once or twice before; for, do what she would, she was completely unable even to understand the pleasure her husband and daughter took in intellectual pursuits, much less to care in the least herself for the pursuits themselves, and was thus unavoidably thrown out of some of their interests. I had once or twice thought she was a little jealous of her own child, as a fitter companion for her husband than she was herself; and I fancied the minister himself was aware of this feeling; for I had noticed an occasional sudden change of subject, and a tenderness of appeal in his voice as he spoke to her, which always made her look contented and peaceful again. I do not think that Phillis ever perceived these little shadows; in the first place, she had such complete reverence for her parents that she listened to them both as if they had been St. Peter and St. Paul; and besides, she was always too much engrossed with any matter in hand to think about other people's manners and looks.

This night I could see, though she did not, how much she was winning on my father. She asked a few questions which showed that she had followed his explanations up to that point; possibly, too, her unusual beauty might have something to do with his favorable impression of her; but he made no scruple of expressing his admiration of her to her father and mother in her absence from the room; and from that evening I date a project of his which came out to me a day or two afterwards, as we sat in my little three-cornered room in Eltham.

"Paul," he began, "I never thought to be a rich man; but I think it's coming upon me. Some folk are making a deal of my new machine" (calling it by its technical name), "and Ellison, of the Borough Green Works, has gone so far as to ask me to be his partner."

"Mr. Ellison, the Justice! who lives in King Street? Why, he drives his carriage!" said I, doubting, yet exultant.

"Ay, lad, John Ellison. But that's no sign that I shall drive my carriage, though I should like to save thy mother walking; for she's not so young as she was. But that's a long way off, anyhow. I reckon I should start with a third profit. It might be seven hundred, or it might be more. I should like to have the power to work out some fancies o' mine. I care for that much more than for th' brass. And Ellison has no lads; and by nature the business would come to thee in course o' time. Ellison's lasses are but bits o' things, and are not like to come by husbands just yet; and when they do, maybe they'll not be in the mechanical line. It will be an opening for thee, lad, if thou art steady. Thou'rt not great shakes, I know, in th' inventing line; but many a one gets on better without having fancies for something he does not see and never has seen. I'm right down glad to see that mother's cousins are such uncommon folk for sense and goodness. I have taken the minister to my heart like a brother; and she is a womanly, quiet sort of a body. And I'll tell you frank, Paul, it will be a happy day for me if ever you can come and tell me that Phillis Holman is like to be my daughter. I think, if that lass had not a penny, she would be the making of a man; and she'll have yon house and lands, and you may be her match yet in fortune, if all goes well."

I was growing as red as fire; I did not know what to say, and yet I wanted to say something; but the idea of having a wife of my own at some future day, though it had often floated about in my own head, sounded so strange when it was thus first spoken about by my father. He saw my confusion, and half smiling said,—

"Well, lad, what dost say to the old father's plans? Thou art but young, to be sure; but when I was thy age, I would ha' given my right hand if I might ha' thought of the chance of wedding the lass I cared for—"

"My mother?" asked I, a little struck by the change of his tone of voice.

"No! not thy mother. Thy mother is a very good woman—none better. No! the lass I cared for at nineteen ne'er knew how I loved her, and a year or two after and she was dead, and ne'er knew. I think she would ha' been glad to ha' known it, poor Molly; but I had to leave the place where we lived for to try to earn my bread—and I meant to come back—but before ever I did, she was dead and gone: I ha' never gone there since. But if you fancy Phillis Holman, and can get her to fancy you, my lad, it shall go different with you, Paul, to what it did with your father."

I took counsel with myself very rapidly, and I came to a clear conclusion.

"Father," said I, "if I fancied Phillis ever so much, she would never fancy me. I like her as much as I could like a sister; and she likes me as if I were her brother—her younger brother."

I could see my father's countenance fall a little.

"You see she's so clever, she's more like a man than a woman; she knows Latin and Greek."

"She'd forget 'em, if she'd a houseful of children," was my father's comment on this.

"But she knows many a thing besides, and is wise as well as learned; she has been so much with her father. She would never think much of me, and I should like my wife to think a deal of her husband."

"It is not just book-learning or the want of it as makes a wife think much or little of her husband," replied my father, evidently unwilling to give up a project which had taken deep root in his mind. "It's a something—I don't rightly know how to call it—

if he's manly, and sensible, and straightforward; and I reckon you're that, my boy."

"I don't think I should like to have a wife taller than I am, father," said I, smiling; he smiled too, but not heartily.

"Well," said he, after a pause. "It's but a few days I've been thinking of it, but I'd got as fond of my notion as if it had been a new engine as I'd been planning out. Here's our Paul, thinks I to myself, a good, sensible breed o' lad, as has never vexed or troubled his mother or me; with a good business opening out before him, age nineteen, not so bad-looking, though perhaps not to call handsome; and here's his cousin, not too near a cousin, but just nice, as one may say; aged seventeen, good and true, and well brought up to work with her hands as well as her head; a scholar,—but that can't be helped, and is more her misfortune than her fault, seeing she is the only child of a scholar—and as I said afore, once she's a wife and a mother she'll forget it all, I'll be bound,—with a good fortune in land and house when it shall please the Lord to take her parents to himself; with eyes like poor Molly's for beauty, a color that comes and goes on a milk-white skin, and as pretty a mouth—"

"Why, Mr. Manning, what fair lady are you describing?" asked Mr. Holdsworth, who had come quickly and suddenly upon our *lête-à-lête*, and had caught my father's last words as he entered the room.

Both my father and I felt rather abashed; it was such an odd subject for us to be talking about; but my father, like a straightforward, simple man as he was, spoke out the truth.

"I've been telling Paul of Ellison's offer, and saying how good an opening it made for him—"

"I wish I'd as good," said Mr. Holdsworth. "But has the business a 'pretty mouth'?"

"You're always so full of your joking, Mr. Holdsworth," said my father. "I was going to say that if he and his cousin, Phillis Holman, liked to make it up between them, I would put no spoke in the wheel."

"Phillis Holman!" said Mr. Holdsworth. "Is she the daughter of the minister-farmer out at Heathbridge? Have I been helping on the course of true love by letting you go there so often? I knew nothing of it."

"There is nothing to know," said I, more

annoyed than I chose to show. "There is no more true love in the case than may be between the first brother and sister you may choose to meet. I have been telling father she would never think of me; she's a great deal taller and cleverer; and I'd rather be taller and more learned than my wife when I have one."

"And it is she, then, that has the pretty mouth your father spoke about? I should think that would be an antidote to the cleverness and learning. But I ought to apologize for breaking in upon your last night; I came upon business to your father."

And then he and my father began to talk about many things that had no interest for me just then, and I began to go over again my conversation with my father. The more I thought about it the more I felt that I had spoken truly about my feelings towards Phillis Holman. I loved her dearly as a sister, but I could never fancy her as my wife. Still less could I think of her ever—yes, *condescending*, that is the word—condescending to marry me. I was roused from a reverie on what I should like my possible wife to be, by hearing my father's warm praise of the minister, as a most unusual character; how they had got back from the diameter of driving-wheels to the subject of the Holmans I could never tell; but I saw that my father's weighty praises were exciting some curiosity in Mr. Holdsworth's mind; indeed, he said, almost in a voice of reproach,—

"Why, Paul, you never told me what kind of a fellow this minister-cousin of yours was!"

"I don't know that I found out, sir," said I; "but if I had, I don't think you'd have listened to me as you have done to my father."

"No! most likely not, old fellow," replied Mr. Holdsworth, laughing. And again and afresh I saw what a handsome, pleasant, clear face his was; and though this evening I had been a bit put out with him,—through his sudden coming, and his having heard my father's open-hearted confidence,—my hero resumed all his empire over me by his bright, merry laugh.

And if he had not resumed his old place that night, he would have done so the next day, when, after my father's departure, Mr. Holdsworth spoke about him with such just respect for his character, such ungrudging ad-

miration of his great mechanical genius, that I was compelled to say, almost unawares,—

"Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged to you."

"Oh, you're not at all. I am only speaking the truth. Here's a Birmingham workman, self-educated, one may say—having never associated with stimulating minds, or had what advantages travel and contact with the world may be supposed to afford—working out his own thoughts into steel and iron, making a scientific name for himself—a fortune, if it pleases him to work for money—and keeping his singleness of heart, his perfect simplicity of manner; it puts me out of patience to think of my expensive schooling, my travels hither and thither, my heaps of scientific books, and I have done nothing to speak of. But it's evidently good blood; there's that Mr. Holman, that cousin of yours, made of the same stuff."

"But he's only cousin because he married my mother's second cousin," said I.

"That knocks a pretty theory on the head, and twice over, too. I should like to make Holman's acquaintance."

"I am sure they would be so glad to see you at Hope Farm," said I, eagerly. "In fact, they've asked me to bring you several times; only I thought you would find it dull."

"Not at all. I can't go yet though, even if you do get me an invitation; for the — Company wants me to go to the — Valley, and look over the ground a bit for them, to see if it would do for a branch line. It's a job which may take me away for some time; but I shall be backwards and forwards, and you're quite up to doing what is needed in my absence; the only work that may be beyond you is keeping old Jevons from drinking."

He went on giving me directions about the management of the men employed on the line, and no more was said then, or for several months, about his going to Hope Farm. He went off into — Valley, a dark, overshadowed dale, where the sun seemed to set behind the hills before four o'clock on midsummer afternoon.

Perhaps it was this that brought on the attack of low fever which he had soon after the beginning of the new year; he was very ill for many weeks, almost many months; a married sister—his only relation, I think—came down from London to nurse him, and I

went over to him when I could, to see him, and give him "masculine news," as he called it,—reports of the progress of the line, which, I am glad to say, I was able to carry on in his absence, in the slow, gradual way which suited the company best, while trade was in a languid state, and money dear in the market. Of course, with this occupation for my scanty leisure, I did not often go over to Hope Farm. Whenever I did go, I met with a thorough welcome; and many inquiries were made as to Holdsworth's illness, and the progress of his recovery.

At length, in June I think it was, he was sufficiently recovered to come back to his lodgings at Eltham, and resume part at least of his work. His sister, Mrs. Robinson, had been obliged to leave him some weeks before, owing to some epidemic amongst her own children. As long as I had seen Mr. Holdsworth in the rooms at the little inn at Hensleydale, where I had been accustomed to look upon him as an invalid, I had not been aware of the visible shake his fever had given to his health. But, once back in the old lodgings, where I had always seen him so buoyant, eloquent, decided, and vigorous in former days, my spirits sank at the change in one whom I had always regarded with a strong feeling of admiring affection. He sank into silence and despondency after the least exertion; he seemed as if he could not make up his mind to any action, or else that, when it was made up, he lacked strength to carry out his purpose. Of course, it was but the natural state of slow convalescence, after so sharp an illness; but, at the time, I did not know this, and perhaps I represented his state as more serious than it was to my kind relations at Hope Farm; who, in their grave, simple, eager way, immediately thought of the only help they could give.

"Bring him out here," said the minister. "Our air here is good to a proverb; the June days are fine; he may loiter away his time in the hayfield, and the sweet smells will be a balm in themselves—better than physic."

"And," said Cousin Holman, scarcely waiting for her husband to finish his sentence, "tell him there is new milk and fresh eggs to be had for the asking; it's lucky Daisy has just calved, for her milk is always as good as other cows' cream; and there is the plaid room with the morning sun all streaming in."

Phillis said nothing, but looked as much interested in the project as any one. I took it up myself. I wanted them to see him; him to know them. I proposed it to him when I got home. He was too languid after the day's fatigue, to be willing to make the little exertion of going amongst strangers; and disappointed me by almost declining to accept the invitation I brought. The next morning it was different; he apologized for his ungraciousness of the night before; and told me that he would get all things in train, so as to be ready to go out with me to Hope Farm on the following Saturday.

"For you must go with me, Manning," said he; "I used to be as impudent a fellow as need be, and rather liked going amongst strangers, and making my way; but since my illness I am almost like a girl, and turn hot and cold with shyness, as they do, I fancy."

So it was fixed. We were to go out to Hope Farm on Saturday afternoon; and it was also understood that if the air and the life suited Mr. Holdsworth, he was to remain there for a week or ten days, doing what work he could at that end of the line, while I took his place at Eltham to the best of my ability. I grew a little nervous, as the time drew near, and wondered how the brilliant Holdsworth would agree with the quiet, quaint family of the minister; how they would like him, and many of his half-foreign ways. I tried to prepare him, by telling him from time to time little things about the goings-on at Hope Farm.

"Manning," said he, "I see you don't think I am half good enough for your friends. Out with it, man."

"No," I replied, boldly. "I think you are good; but I don't know if you are quite of their kind of goodness."

"And you've found out already that there is a greater chance of disagreement between two 'kinds of goodness,' each having its own idea of right, than between a given goodness and a moderate degree of naughtiness—which last often arises from an indifference to right?"

"I don't know. I think you're talking metaphysics, and I am sure that is bad for you."

"When a man talks to you in a way that you don't understand about a thing which he does not understand, them's metaphysics."

You remember the clown's definition, don't you, Manning?"

"No, I don't," said I. "But what I do understand is, that you must go to bed; and tell me at what time we must start to-morrow, that I may go to Hepworth, and get those letters written we were talking about this morning."

"Wait till to-morrow, and let us see what the day is like," he answered, with such languid indecision as showed me he was overfatigued. So I went my way.

The morrow was blue and sunny and beautiful; the very perfection of an early summer's day. Mr. Holdsworth was all impatience to be off into the country; morning had brought back his freshness of strength, and consequent eagerness to be doing. I was afraid we were going to my cousin's farm rather too early—before they would expect us; but what could I do with such a restless, vehement man as Holdsworth was that morning? We came down upon the Hope Farm before the dew was off the grass on the shady side of the lane; the great house-dog was loose, basking in the sun, near the closed side-door. I was surprised at this door being shut, for all summer long it was open from morning to night; but it was only on latch. I opened it, Rover watching me with half-suspicious, half-trustful eyes. The room was empty.

"I don't know where they can be," said I; "but come in and sit down while I go and look for them. You must be tired."

"Not I. This sweet, balmy air is like a thousand tonics. Besides, this room is hot, and smells of those pungent wood-ashes. What are we to do?"

"Go round to the kitchen. Betty will tell us where they are."

So we went round into the farmyard, Rover accompanying us out of a grave sense of duty. Betty was washing out her milk-pans in the cold bubbling spring-water that constantly trickled in and out of a stone trough. In such weather as this most of her kitchen-work was done out of doors.

"Eh, dear!" said she, "the minister and missus is away at Hornby! They ne'er thought of your coming so betimes! The missus had some errands to do, and she thought as she'd walk with the minister and be back by dinner-time."

"Did not they expect us to dinner?" said I.

"Well, they did, and they did not, as I may say. Missus said to me the cold lamb would do well enough if you did not come; and if you did I was to put on a chicken and some bacon to boil; and I'll go do it now, for it is hard to boil bacon enough."

"And is Phillis gone too?" Mr. Holdsworth was making friends with Rover.

"No! She's just somewhere about. I reckon you'll find her in the kitchen-garden, getting peas."

"Let us go there," said Holdsworth, suddenly leaving off his play with the dog.

So I led the way into the kitchen-garden. It was in the first promise of a summer profuse in vegetables and fruits. Perhaps it was not so much cared for as other parts of the property; but it was more attended to than most kitchen-gardens belonging to farm-houses. There were borders of flowers along each side of the gravel walks; and there was an old sheltering wall on the north side covered with tolerably choice fruit-trees; there was a slope down to the fish-pond at the end, where there were great strawberry-beds; and raspberry-bushes and rose-bushes grew wherever there was a space; it seemed a chance which had been planted. Long rows of peas stretched at right angles from the main walk, and I saw Phillis stooping down among them, before she saw us. As soon as she heard our cranching steps on the gravel, she stood up, and shading her eyes from the sun, recognized us. She was quite still for a moment, and then came slowly towards us, blushing a little from evident shyness. I had never seen Phillis shy before.

"This is Mr. Holdsworth, Phillis," said I, as soon as I had shaken hands with her. She glanced up at him, and then looked down, more flushed than ever at his grand formality of taking his hat off and bowing; such manners had never been seen at Hope Farm before.

"Father and mother are out. They will be so sorry. You did not write, Paul, as you said you would."

"It was my fault," said Holdsworth, understanding what she meant as well as if she had put it more fully into words. "I have not yet given up all the privileges of an invalid, one of which is indecision. Last night, when your cousin asked me at what time we were to start, I really could not make up my mind."

Phillis seemed as if she could not make up her mind as to what to do with us. I tried to help her.

"Have you finished getting peas?" taking hold of the half-filled basket she was unconsciously holding in her hand; "or may we stay and help you?"

"If you would. But perhaps it will tire you, sir?" added she, speaking now to Holdsworth.

"Not a bit," said he. "It will carry me back twenty years in my life, when I used to gather peas in my grandfather's garden. I suppose I may eat a few as I go along?"

"Certainly, sir. But if you went to the strawberry-beds you would find some strawberries ripe, and Paul can show you where they are."

"I am afraid you distrust me. I can assure you I know the exact fulness at which peas should be gathered. I take great care not to pluck them when they are unripe. I will not be turned off, as unfit for my work."

This was a style of half-joking talk that Phillis was not accustomed to. She looked for a moment as if she would have liked to defend herself from the playful charge of distrust made against her, but she ended by not saying a word. We all plucked our peas in busy silence for the next five minutes. Then Holdsworth lifted himself up from between the rows, and said, a little wearily—

"I am afraid I must strike work. I am not as strong as I fancied myself."

Phillis was full of penitence immediately. He did, indeed, look pale; and she blamed herself for having allowed him to help her.

"It was very thoughtless of me. I did not know—I thought, perhaps, you really liked it. I ought to have offered you something to eat, sir! O Paul, we have gathered quite enough; how stupid I was to forget that Mr. Holdsworth had been ill!" And in a blushing hurry she led the way towards the house. We went in, and she moved a heavy cushioned chair forwards, into which Holdsworth was only too glad to sink. Then with deft and quiet speed she brought in a little tray, wine, water, cake, home-made bread, and newly churned butter. She stood by in some anxiety till, after bite and sup, the color returned to Mr. Holdsworth's face, and he would fain have made us some laughing apologies for the fright he had given us. But then Phillis drew back from her inno-

cent show of care and interest, and relapsed into the cold shyness habitual to her when she was first thrown into the company of strangers. She brought out the last week's county paper (which Mr. Holdsworth had read five days ago) and then quietly withdrew; and then he subsided into languor, leaning back and shutting his eyes, as if he would go to sleep. I stole into the kitchen after Phillis; but she had made the round of the corner of the house outside, and I found her sitting on the horse-mount, with her basket of peas, and a basin into which she was shelling them. Rover lay at her feet, snapping now and then at the flies. I went to her, and tried to help her; but somehow the sweet, crisp young peas found their way more frequently into my mouth than into the basket, while we talked together in a low tone, fearful of being overheard through the open casements of the house-place in which Holdsworth was resting.

"Don't you think him handsome?" I asked.

"Perhaps—yes—I have hardly looked at him," she replied. "But is not he very like a foreigner?"

"Yes, he cuts his hair foreign fashion," said I.

"I like an Englishman to look like an Englishman."

"I don't think he thinks about it. He says he began that way when he was in Italy, because everybody wore it so, and it is natural to keep it on in England."

"Not if he began it in Italy because everybody there wore it so. Everybody here wears it differently."

I was a little offended with Phillis's logical fault-finding with my friend; and I determined to change the subject.

"When is your mother coming home?"

"I should think she might come any time now; but she had to go and see Mrs. Morton, who was ill, and she might be kept, and not be home till dinner. Don't you think you ought to go and see how Mr. Holdsworth is going on, Paul? He may be faint again."

I went at her bidding; but there was no need for it. Mr. Holdsworth was up, standing by the window, his hands in his pockets; he had evidently been watching us. He turned away as I entered.

"So that is the girl I found your good

father planning for your wife, Paul, that evening when I interrupted you! Are you of the same coy mind still? It did not look like it a minute ago."

"Phillis and I understand each other," I replied, sturdily. "We are like brother and sister. She would not have me as a husband, if there was not another man in the world; and it would take a deal to make me think of her—as my father wishes" (somehow I did not like to say "as a wife"), "but we love each other dearly."

"Well! I am rather surprised at it—not at your loving each other in a brother-and-sister kind of way—but at your finding it so impossible to fall in love with such a beautiful woman."

Woman! beautiful woman! I had thought of Phillis as a comely but awkward girl; and I could not banish the pinafore from my mind's eye when I tried to picture her to myself. Now I turned, as Mr. Holdsworth had done, to look at her again out of the window; she had just finished her task, and was standing up, her back to us, holding the basket, and the basin in it, high in air, out of Rover's reach, who was giving vent to his delight at the probability of a change of place by glad leaps and barks, and snatches at what he imagined to be a withheld prize. At length she grew tired of their mutual play, and with a feint of striking him, and a "Down, Rover! do hush!" she looked towards the window where we were standing, as if to re-assure herself that no one had been disturbed by the noise, and seeing us, she colored all over, and hurried away, with Rover still curving in sinuous lines about her as she walked.

"I should like to have sketched her," said Mr. Holdsworth, as he turned away. He went back to his chair, and rested in silence for a minute or two. Then he was up again.

"I would give a good deal for a book," said he. "It would keep me quiet." He began to look round; there were a few volumes at one end of the shovel-board.

"Fifth volume of Matthew Henry's 'Commentary,'" said he, reading their titles aloud. "'Housewife's complete Manual;' 'Berridge on Prayer;' 'L'Inferno'—Dante!" in great surprise. "Why, who reads this?"

"I told you Phillis read it. Don't you remember? She knows Latin and Greek too."

"To be sure! I remember! But some-

how I never put two and two together. That quiet girl, full of household work, is the wonderful scholar, then, that put you to rout with her questions when you first began to come here. To be sure, 'Cousin Phillis!' What's here: a paper with the hard, obsolete words written out. I wonder what sort of a dictionary she has got. Baretti won't tell her all these words. Stay! I have got a pencil here. I'll write down the most accepted meanings, and save her a little trouble."

So he took her book and the paper back to the little round table, and employed himself in writing explanations and definitions of the words which had troubled her. I was not sure if he was not taking a liberty: it did not quite please me, and yet I did not know why. He had only just done, and replaced the paper in the book, and put the latter back in its place, when I heard the sound of wheels stopping in the lane, and looking out, I saw Cousin Holman getting out of a neighbor's gig, making her little courtesy of acknowledgment, and then coming towards the house. I went out to meet her.

"O Paul!" said she, "I am so sorry I was kept; and then Thomas Dobson said if I would wait a quarter of an hour, he would—But where's your friend Mr. Holdsworth? I hope he is come!"

Just then he came out, and with his pleasant, cordial manner took her hand, and thanked her for asking him to come out here to get strong.

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, sir. It was the minister's thought. I took it into my head you would be dull in our quiet house, for Paul says you've been such a great traveller; but the minister said dulness would perhaps suit you while you were but ailing, and that I was to ask Paul to be here as much as he could. I hope you'll find yourself happy with us, I'm sure, sir. Has Phillis given you something to eat and drink, I wonder? there's a deal in eating a little often, if one has to get strong after an illness." And then she began to question him as to the details of his indisposition in her simple, motherly way. He seemed at once to understand her, and to enter into friendly relations with her. It was not quite the same in the evening when the minister came home. Men have always a little natural antipathy to get over when they first meet as strangers. But in this case each was disposed to make an effort to like

the other; only each was to each a specimen of an unknown class. I had to leave the Hope Farm on Sunday afternoon, as I had Mr. Holdsworth's work as well as my own to look to in Eltham; and I was not at all sure how things would go on during the week that Holdsworth was to remain on his visit; I had been once or twice in hot water already at the near clash of opinions between the minister and my much-vaunted friend. On the Wednesday, I received a short note from Holdsworth; he was going to stay on, and return with me on the following Sunday, and he wanted me to send him a certain list of books, his theodolite and other surveying instruments, all of which could easily be conveyed down the line to Heathbridge. I went to his lodgings and picked out the books. Italian, Latin, trigonometry; a pretty considerable parcel they made, besides the implements. I began to be curious as to the general progress of affairs at Hope Farm; but I could not go over till the Saturday. At Heathbridge I found Holdsworth, come to meet me. He was looking quite a different man to what I had left him; embrowned, sparkles in his eyes, so languid before. I told him how much stronger he looked.

"Yes!" said he. "I am fidging fain to be at work again. Last week I dreaded the thoughts of my employment; now I am full of desire to begin. This week in the country has done wonders for me."

"You have enjoyed yourself, then?"

"Oh! it has been perfect in its way. Such a thorough country life! and yet removed from the dulness which I always used to fancy accompanied country life, by the extraordinary intelligence of the minister. I have fallen into calling him 'the minister,' like every one else."

"You get on with him, then?" said I. "I was a little afraid."

"I was on the verge of displeasing him once or twice, I fear, with random assertions and exaggerated expressions, such as one always uses with other people, and thinks nothing of; but I tried to check myself when I saw how it shocked the good man; and really it is very wholesome exercise, this trying to make one's words represent one's thoughts, instead of merely looking to their effect on others."

"Then you are quite friends now?" I asked.

"Yes, thoroughly; at any rate as far as I

go. I never met with a man with such a desire for knowledge. In information, as far as it can be gained from books; he far exceeds me on most subjects; but then I have travelled and seen— Were not you surprised at the list of things I sent for?"

"Yes! I thought it did not promise much rest."

"Oh! some of the books were for the minister, and some for his daughter. (I call her Phillis to myself, but I use euphuisms in speaking about her to others. I don't like to seem familiar, and yet Miss Holman is a term I have never heard used.)"

"I thought the Italian books were for her."

"Yes! Fancy her trying at Dante for her first book in Italian! I had a capital novel by Manzoni, 'I Promessi Sposi;' just the thing for a beginner; and if she must still puzzle out Dante, my dictionary is far better than hers."

"Then she found out you had written those definitions on her list of words?"

"Oh! yes"—with a smile of amusement and pleasure. He was going to tell me what had taken place, but checked himself.

"But I don't think the minister will like your having given her a novel to read?"

"Pooh! What can be more harmless? Why make a bugbear of a word? It is as pretty and innocent a tale as can be met with. You don't suppose they take 'Virgil' for gospel?"

By this time we were at the farm. I think Phillis gave me a warmer welcome than usual, and Cousin Holman was kindness itself. Yet somehow I felt as if I had lost my place, and that Holdsworth had taken it. He knew all the ways of the house; he was full of little filial attentions to Cousin Holman; he treated Phillis with the affectionate condescension of an elder brother; not a bit more; not in any way different. He questioned me about the progress of affairs in Eltham with eager interest.

"Ah!" said Cousin Holman, "you'll be spending a different kind of time next week to what you have done this! I can see how busy you'll make yourself! But if you don't take care you'll be ill again, and have to come back to our quiet ways of going on."

"Do you suppose I shall need to be ill to wish to come back here?" he answered, warmly. "I am only afraid you have treated me so kindly that I shall always be turning up on your hands."

"That's right," she replied. "Only don't go and make yourself ill by over-work. I hope you'll go on with a cup of new milk

every morning, for I'm sure that is the best medicine; and put a teaspoonful of rum in it, if you like; many a one speaks highly of that, only we had no rum in the house."

I brought with me an atmosphere of active life which I think he had begun to miss; and it was natural that he should seek my company, after his week of retirement. Once I saw Phillis looking at us as we talked together with a kind of wistful curiosity; but as soon as she caught my eye, she turned away, blushing deeply.

That evening I had a little talk with the minister. I strolled along the Hornby road to meet him; for Holdsworth was giving Phillis an Italian lesson, and Cousin Holman had fallen asleep over her work.

Somehow, and not unwillingly on my part, our talk fell on the friend whom I had introduced to the Hope Farm.

"Yes! I like him!" said the minister, weighing his words a little as he spoke. "I like him. I hope I am justified in doing it, but he takes hold of me, as it were; and I have almost been afraid lest he carries me away, in spite of my judgment."

"He is a good fellow; indeed he is," said I. "My father thinks well of him; and I have seen a deal of him. I would not have had him come here if I did not know that you would approve of him."

"Yes" (once more hesitating), "I like him, and I think he is an upright man; there is a want of seriousness in his talk at times, but, at the same time, it is wonderful to listen to him! He makes Horace and Virgil living, instead of dead, by the stories he tells me of his sojourn in the very countries where they lived, and where to this day he says— But it is like dram-drinking. I listen to him till I forget my duties, and am carried off my feet. Last sabbath evening he led us away into talk on profane subjects ill befitting the day."

By this time we were at the house, and our conversation stopped. But before the day was out, I saw the unconscious hold that my friend had got over all the family. And no wonder: he had seen so much and done so much as compared to them, and he told about it all so easily and naturally, and yet as I never heard any one else do; and his ready pencil was out in an instant to draw on scraps of paper all sorts of illustrations,—modes of drawing up water in Northern Italy, wine-carts, buffaloes, stone-pines, I know not what. After we had all looked at these drawings, Phillis gathered them together, and took them.

It is many years since I have seen thee, Edward Holdsworth, but thou wast a delightful fellow! Ay, and a good one too; though much sorrow was caused by thee!

From The New York Evening Post.
THE POETRY OF THE WAR.

FROM the very beginning of the present great American war up to the present moment the struggle has presented features of romantic or pathetic interest which have at once struck the poetic instincts of writers in all parts of the country; and while many poets of extended local and even national fame were moved to patriotic utterance, many more anonymous contributors to provincial and often obscure journals exhibited, when writing of our war, a poetic fire and skill as admirable as unexpected. Mr. Frank Moore, the editor of the *Rebellion Record* having preserved almost all these war poems, has, from the enormous accumulation, judiciously selected the best for preservation in book form, under the general title "Lyrics of Loyalty," and Putman has published them in a neat pocket edition, printed by Houghton, of the Riverside Press, and bound in the new style of "red, white, and blue." The volume is an admirable one for presentation to friends in the army, where it may enliven many a tedious hour of camp life.

The collection opens with Mr. Bryant's poem "Our Country's Call," beginning with the lines:—

"Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough."

Whittier, T. B. Reed, Longfellow and O. W. Holmes are among the more noted contributors; but as their war songs have been copied and read all over the country and are probably familiar to most of our readers, we prefer to give here, as examples of the style of the book, a few of the poems emanating from less celebrated pens, or still more modestly attributed only to anonymous authors. We begin with this spirited war cry:—

THE CAVALRY CHARGE—BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.
Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,

Peals forth to the squadrons
The order, "Trot out."
One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrents flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader;
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.
Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide;
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.
Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men;
The trumpet sounds "Rally
To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

Quite different in style and sentiment—the reverse of the medal—is this touching picture of

THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through
the day,

And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forest's shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sideways on the drummer's upturned face,
Where death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair ;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet may be in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his
story?

Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame ;
He lived, he died ; and so, *memento mori*,—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ his name.

Maternal anxieties find their expression in
many of these poems, but in none of them are
they couched in more beautiful language than
in "The Soldier's Mother," of which pathetic
anonymous lines we can only find space to
copy a few :—

"It is night—almost morning—the clock has
struck three ;
Who can tell where, this moment, my darling
may be !

On the window has gathered the moisture like
dew ;

I can see where the moonbeams steal tremblingly
through ;

It is cold, but not windy ; how dreary and damp
It must be for our soldiers exposed in the camp !
Though I know it is warmer and balmy there,
Yet I shrink from the thought of the chilling
night air ;

For he never was used to the hardships of men
When at home, for I shielded and cherished him
then ;

And to all that could tend to his comfort I saw—
For he seemed like a child till he went to the
war !

"He is twenty, I know ; and boys younger than
he,

In the ranks going by, every day we can see ;
And those stronger and prouder by far I have
met,

But I never have seen a young soldier, as yet,

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With so gallant a mien or so lofty a brow ;
How the sun and the wind must have darkened
it now

How he will have been changed when he comes
from the South !—

With his beard shutting out the sweet smiles of
his mouth ;

And the tremulous beauty, the womanly grace,
Will be bronzed from the delicate lines of his face,
Where, of late, only childhood's soft beauty I
saw—

For he seemed like a child till he went to the
war !

Here is a little gem, like a cabinet picture
in a gallery of large landscapes :—

THE VOLUNTEER.

Hard by the porch of the village church,
A dusty traveller halts awhile to rest ;
His head droops, tired, down upon his breast,
But the word of prayer wakes new life there.

"God bless the brave, who go to save
Our country, in her dark, dread hour of dan-
ger!"

The good man's voice was comfort to the stran-
ger,
Duty wipes away a tear as he hurries to the war.

Another incident is thus described at
greater length :—

CARTE DE VISITE.

Anonymous.

"'Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said ;
"Our colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball—
A braver heart than this never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they :
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in the porch, where the sunlight
came

Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine-vine,
Spilling itself like a golden wine,
And flecking the doorway with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer heat ;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight ! our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized our colors,
and then

He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot.

"A handsome boy was this last : his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow ;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name?—have you never heard?—
Where was he from, this youth who fell?"

And your regiment, stranger, which was it?
tell!"

"Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it as white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes and said,
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered; "not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came;
As God is above, I speak the truth!"

"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half-sad, half-wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er the prostrate child.

In conclusion, we quote a characteristic
marching song of the style which will proba-
bly find a wider circle of admirers than more
finished and elegant strains:—

TO CANAAN—A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOU-
SAND.

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The triumph of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up—
The same our fathers bore!
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen—
The iron skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaan! to Canaan!
The priests and maidens cried:
To Canaan! to Canaan!
The people's voice replied,
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens
The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?
—The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre—
We'll build the people's throne—
When half the world is Freedom's,
Then all the world's our own.
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
A whirlwind from the North.

Mr. Moore has, in making this admirable collection, not only placed the lovers of national and original poetry under great obligations, but has done a real service to our country and its history in preserving what would otherwise be the ephemeral souvenirs of the war; and should the forthcoming volumes of the series, now compiling under the titles "Songs of the Soldiers" and "Personal and Political Ballads of the War" prove to be as admirably arranged and as judiciously selected as the present volume, they cannot fail to remain among the most interesting and characteristic specimens of our war literature.

From The Saturday Review.

HANNAH THURSTON.*

It was one of De Tocqueville's observations on the effects of democracy in America, that the extreme prosperity of the people and the great simplicity of their habits of life made it next to impossible to write amusing novels about them. Whatever the cause may be, there seems to be no doubt at all of the fact. A certain number of American novels have obtained great popularity, but never by reason of their inherent interest. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a successful party pamphlet. Miss Wetherell's tales, "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World," were addressed to the mildest class of the religious public. They might have been described as peculiarly fit for the daughters of Wesleyan shopkeepers in a quiet country town. Mr. Hawthorne's tales have a fair share of fancy and a certain elegance of style, but they are emphatically second-rate. They are pleasant to read, but they want power. He never seems to get beyond a well-behaved man, very conscious of his own accomplishments and elegances, and a crotchety woman with some complaint in her conscience. Every character in his works, so far as we know them, is more or less open to this criticism.

Mr. Bayard Taylor has followed exactly in the track of his predecessors. He has written a rather pretty tale of American life in decidedly pretty English, and obviously composed entirely, as he says in his preface, of sketches from real life. He observes, with that faithfulness which authors often show in describing their own works:—

"I do not rest the interest of the book on its slender plot, but on the fidelity with which it represents certain types of character and phases of society. That in which it most resembles caricature is oftenest the transcript of actual fact, and there are none of the opinions uttered by the various characters which may not now or then be heard in almost any community in the Northern and Western States."

After reading the book through, this observation will probably strike the reader as exquisitely simple. It is much as if a respectable baker should say to his customers, "Whatever you may think, I am a man of the most simple habits, and have the plainest

* "Hannah Thurston; a Story of American Life." By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1863.

objects in view. These loaves and rolls which you see around you were made out of flour which, having bought it for that purpose, I and my servants made up into the shape in which it now stands before you, in order that I might make a profit by the sale, and so support my family, and provide for my comforts in old age." The natural question upon this would be, Who ever took any other view of you or your business? And "Hannah Thurston," when compared with its preface, suggests exactly the same question. The book has no plot at all; there is not a line in it which in the faintest degree resembles caricature; and Mr. Taylor may be sure that every reader of ordinary intelligence would have seen for himself that the book was composed of sketches suggested by the author's recollections of the country towns and villages of his native land. It is the regular practice now-a-days for every man who happens to possess a little special knowledge of the works and ways of any part of the human race to go and write a novel about it. Shift the scenes and names in such a way as to avoid personality, and any man may make a more or less readable novel by describing faithfully his own courtship, or that of any one else whom he happens to have known. People who like to know how the countrymen of the author, or how the class to which he belongs, behave under interesting circumstances, will always get some pleasure out of the description, if it is only faithful and lively. An ordinary exertion of memory will fulfil the one condition, and a slight familiarity with style the other.

The story of "Hannah Thurston" is simplicity itself, and may indeed, without injustice, be told in one short sentence. Mr. Woodbury settles at Lakeside, near the town of Ptolemy, and, having made the acquaintance of Miss Hannah Thurston, a distinguished advocate of women's rights, marries her. This is literally the whole case. There is no difficulty, no adventure; no one makes the least objection to the marriage as soon as the parties have made up their minds, which they do in a reasonable time; and, in short, Mr. Taylor might, if he so pleased, say with the needy knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell, sir"—which, indeed, is the fair interpretation of his preface. The three volumes are made up by setting forth at length the various opportunities which Mr. Woodbury had of becoming acquainted with

the lady whom he married. First, he met her at certain sewing-circles, and these sewing-circles and the conversations which passed there are fully described. After a time, he gave a sewing-circle at his own house, and then, again, he talked with the charming Hannah. On another occasion they met at a picnic, and there Mr. Taylor, seriously considering that a novel, after all, should be more or less of a novel, gives a bold stroke. A little girl is made to fall into a river, from which Mr. Woodbury pulls her out, Hannah helping him. At first the lovers that are to be do not much like each other, as she thinks him worldly, and he thinks her priggish and pedantic, for believing in women's rights. By degrees they get to know each other better, and at last come to taking walks under alder-trees, for the purpose of exchanging confidences, which, of course, can end only in one way. There are two or three little episodes in the book. First, Mr. Woodbury has a sort of bailiff who falls in love with a pretty girl, and is refused by her. He goes into a high fever and is devotedly nursed by his mistress, who, after saving his life, cannot do less than marry him. Secondly, one of the neighbors has a foolish wife, who is imposed on by a medium, and elopes with him to join a community of a more or less spiritualist character. The injured husband, his clergyman, the clergyman's wife, the hero and the heroine, go in pursuit, and overtake the medium and his disciple at an inn. There they proceed to argue the point of the lady's return with curious equanimity, but the hero rushes in with a flashing eye, addresses the medium (with much justice) as a beast, and threatens to throw him out of the window—a mode of treatment which produces the desired result of reducing him to submission. Lastly, the hero goes on a summer tour to Niagara and along the St. Lawrence. On the steamer he meets an old female friend, who had long been married, and with whom he spends some pleasant days.

There is something soothing in this sort of repose, after the sensation novels of our own country and of France. Odd as such an arrangement may seem, the descriptions of inns, steamboats, sewing-circles, and the rest, have a certain sort of idyllic and pastoral character. All the people introduced are so innocent, so quiet, and so desperately smitten with the most singular little crotchets, that, if they

were not all Puritans of the strictest kind, one would expect to see them arrayed in Tyrolean hats, and carrying pastoral crooks in their hands. Nobody apparently, except the wicked medium who casts his dark shadow over a few pages, either does or wants to do, or contemplates the possibility of doing anything seriously wrong—anything worse than driving a hard bargain, or taking an advantage. The love-making is so pure that it is almost colorless, and the course of true love runs so very smooth that it may almost be said to stagnate. Woodbury, indeed, has had an awful experience of life. He comes on the stage at thirty-six and his mistress is thirty; but he lives with a great weight on his soul. The illusions of youth have fled, and he has lived through the period of storms, and risen to that calm, brave, trustful temper which becomes a man who has learnt that the world is partially stuffed with straw. As the fifteen years of his life next before the story begins were passed in Calcutta, it is natural to imagine that something dreadful must have happened; but when the matter comes to be explained in a very long letter addressed to Hannah Thurston, it appears that at the age of twenty he was jilted by a girl of eighteen, who preferred a richer man, and that some years after, on his way out to India, he fell in love with a married woman who was on her way to join an unkind husband. She shared his feelings. He proposed an elopement. She said that would be very wrong. He thought so too, and they avoided each other for the rest of the voyage, and never met after it was over. Having made this tremendous confession, Woodbury asks his mistress, as a general question, and not with any special application to herself, whether he ought to marry, or, to use his own noble language, "Would I be guilty of treason towards the virgin confidence of some noble woman whom God may yet send me, in offering her a heart which is not fresh in its knowledge, although fresh in its immortal desires?" Miss Thurston, of course, thinks not. There is something very creditable to the writer, and to the standard of morality which his book indicates, in the fact that the utmost limit of possible audacity, the greatest amount of pardonable weakness, is so very far from actual vice. In a French novel, or in some of our later English ones, the hero would have found it necessary to admit much more than this if he

meant to be interesting. The second woman, for instance, would have been his old first love. He would have run away with her, shot her husband, and perhaps have put her out of the way afterwards for taking up with some third person. The question, however, suggests itself, whether this little smack of contingent adultery might not as well have been left out altogether. Drink deep or taste not the Parisian spring.

The interest of the book—it would not be fair to charge it with having a moral—is derived from the curious notion which it gives of the prominence of what Mr. Taylor calls the “Isms” in American country life. All the different characters are exercised in their minds by crotchets. They are Vegetarians, Temperance people, believers in Woman’s Rights, or Abolitionists, and they are constantly getting up arguments, discussions, and meetings upon their particular little theory. The bulk of the population are, of course, indifferent enough to these fancies, but by Mr. Taylor’s account they are the favorite employments and excitements of those who, without rising above the ordinary level of their neighbors in general cultivation, are nevertheless rather more active-minded and inquisitive than the average. The heroine, Hannah Thurston, is a pretty character. There is something interesting in the ardor with which she believes in her little Woman’s Rights theory, and in the agony which she feels when any doubt about it is suggested. The unbelieving Woodbury has an awful influence over her :—

“An insidious, corrosive doubt seemed to have crept over the foundations of her mental life. The forms of faith, once firm and fair as Ionic pillars under the cloudless heaven, rocked and tottered as if with the first menacing throes of an earthquake.”

All which means that her sceptical lover did not take the whole matter quite so tragically as she was inclined to take it. There is always something creditable in good faith, and it is impossible not to feel an interest in anybody who really does believe without doubting that her own little hobby-horse will carry her straight away to a little heaven of her

own, where all her resolutions will be carried unanimously by a public meeting of saints, the chair being taken by an angel.

It must be owned that Hannah’s reflections had been a good deal more eloquent than practical. One of her speeches is given—obviously a fair report of some real performance of the kind. The gist of it is, that women ought to be employed, like men, in all kinds of labor which they can perform. The poor young lady is very fluent; but she unhappily meets with the terrible friend with whom her admirer had renewed his acquaintance on the St. Lawrence. Mrs. Blake suggests that, if women “had broad shoulders and narrow hips,” they might do many things which are now out of their reach, and she then goes on to make the following observations, which are much to the point, though they might be expressed more plainly :—

“There are times when a woman has no independent life of her own—when her judgment is wavering and obscured, when her impulses are beyond her control. The business of the world must go on in its fixed order, whether she has her share in it or not. Congresses cannot be adjourned, nor trials postponed, nor suffering futurity neglected to suit her necessities. The prime of a man’s activity is the period of her subjection.”

Hannah felt that “it was not for her, in her, maiden ignorance, to contradict” this. One would have supposed that a woman of thirty must have known that it is no joke to bring children into the world, to nurse them, and to see them through their infancy; and that a person who has to do this for a good many years will have little time or strength for other pursuits. Mrs. Blake might have put this a little more plainly; but the tendency to a certain double-milled politeness, curiously variegated by occasional touches of intentional plainness, not to say coarseness, put in to show that the writer is not afraid, is very characteristic of American style. There is no real ease in it.

On the whole, the book leaves a pleasant impression—the impression of a simple, happy, virtuous population, good and kindly in the main, though apt to be vain, pedantic, intolerant, and narrow-minded.

From The Saturday Review.

MRS. KEMBLE'S PLAYS.*

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE must surely be a lineal descendant of M. Jourdain, and we have a shrewd suspicion that she is in some way related to Mr. Tupper. She is perpetually writing prose without knowing it, and her views on the process of verse-making bear the strongest family likeness to the views on wisdom-manufacture entertained by our "guide, philosopher, and friend" at Albany. As we have none but the kindest feelings towards her, we cordially trust that she will find as large and profitable a reading public for her poetry as her literary kinsman does for his philosophy. By cutting up sundry moral platitudes into lines of about equal lengths, Mr. Tupper conceives that he is transmuted into a sage; and tens of thousands of ladies agree with him. Why, then, should not Mrs. Kemble divide a series of conversations into sections of from ten to twelve or thirteen syllables—she is not particular as to the exact number—and, printing them in the form of blank verse, thereby become a dramatic poet? The first few pages of her "English Tragedy" afford the following samples of her notions of scanning and rhythm:—

"Save the honor of being head of a family.

Not passable even by the closest kindred.

Without a head, like this fellow, comes to be squeezed."

Mrs. Kemble is, in fact, deficient in that nicety of ear for the musical flow of sound, without which it is hazardous for a writer to venture beyond the rules of the more rigid school of versifiers. Like many other dramatic writers, she is led astray by the freedom of the verse of Shakspeare, imagining that she has but to devise some strange and uncouth way of running her long and short syllables together, to be exempted from the restraints of the strict iambic forms. Like the same school of dramatists, she has to learn that the versification of Shakspeare is like the combinations in harmony of Beethoven; it can be attempted safely by none but those whose gift of melody is of the highest order.

The "English Tragedy," from which the

* *Plays.* By Frances Anne Kemble. "An English Tragedy," in Five Acts; "Mary Stuart," translated from Schiller; "Mademoiselle De Belle Isle," translated from Dumas. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

above queer specimens are culled, was written between twenty and thirty years ago, and is, Mrs. Kemble tells us, her only work of the kind produced since her schoolgirl days. Considering the scruples she avows with respect to the morals of the play of Dumas, of which she has here given us a translation, we must confess ourselves a little surprised at the plot of her own tragedy. It is a story of adultery, *pur et simple*. The young and pretty wife of a worthy but prosy old judge is seduced with mighty little difficulty by a London noble *roué*, who speedily tires of her, and then coolly enjoins her to sell herself, for his benefit, to the wealthy brother of the man who is going to marry her sister-in-law. The amiable peer further shoots the said brother off-hand, when he detects him at tricks in card-playing. The process of flattery and deception by which the seduction is effected is detailed by Mrs. Kemble at considerable length, together with the final insults that the villain heaps upon his wretched victim, when he insists upon her taking another lover, and handing his gifts over to himself. By and by the doting husband is informed of what has been going on by somebody who writes a letter and leaves it at his gate; upon which he straightway goes nearly out of his senses, and pours forth a quantity of the established theatrical mad talk, while his hair turns entirely white. The miserable wife soon dies of remorse; and the judge, having very vigorously cursed her up to the last, vouchsafes his forgiveness at the final moment; and we learn that he will be tolerably happy for the future in the marriage of his sister with her lover. The dialogue in which these agreeable incidents are told is somewhat labored and stagey, with here and there a fragment of tolerable force, showing that, if Mrs. Kemble is not learned in human nature, she is well up in her dramatic library. In the judge's sister we have the embodiment of her notions of a charming and innocent country damsel, in love first of all with flowers and rural delights in general, and then all at once with her lover. The damsel herself is, however, as unreal as her rapturous talk about her flowers. Her notion of primroses is that they are "freckled," that the moss in the woods is a "starry green;" while of violets she exclaims with delight that they are "delicious creatures." Her lover's musings on the garden in which she leaves

him are equally quaint, and we apprehend not very usual on such occasions, his chief aspiration being a fervent hope that there will be a good crop of fruit in the autumn. Altogether, the play is very well as a lady's exercise in dramatic composition; but it should have remained unprinted in Mrs. Kemble's desk.

In her translations she is much more successful, but, it must be added, much more provoking, judging at least by her version of Schiller's play. Had she called in a fair German scholar to point out where she had misunderstood her author, and a fair critic to remind her how little she at times acted on the admirable motto she quotes from St. Jerome, her translation of "Mary Stuart" would have been excellent. The versification is richer and more musical, and more free (though not wholly so) from startling violations of the laws of rhythm, than her original play, and for many lines—perhaps even a page or two—the text of Schiller is rendered with a sufficient though not absolutely verbal accuracy, sometimes even with very happy turns of word or phrase. Then suddenly we light upon mistranslations so palpable and ridiculous that it is impossible to impute them to anything but a careless contempt for the obligations of authorship. They are often, moreover, so purely gratuitous, not even saving her a moment's trouble in devising her verse, that they can only be set down to an habitual inaccuracy and heedlessness of thought, and a sort of feeling that anything will do for the general public for whom alone she professes to write. The same is to be said of her occasional amplifications of Schiller's ideas, and the additions of her own that she thrusts in just when the fancy takes her. There is a free-and-easy, off-hand sort of air about the whole affair, which is really too bad in a writer who has passed her teens, and professes to make the author of the *Vulgate* her model as a translator. Why, for instance, in Mortimer's brilliant picture of the Coliseum at Easter should we have "ein hoher Bildnergeist"—"a lofty artist spirit"—turned into "a nobler shrine"? Why convert Schiller's "visible" (*sichtbar*) Head of the Church into "infallible"? Why make Mary talk about the "noble" instead of the "dear" (*theures*) countenance of her uncle, the cardinal? A little further on we have one of Mrs. Kemble's favorite terms,

"thrice," introduced in a line with a perversion of the sense as ludicrous as the line itself is halting in its cadence:—

"What! shall the headsman's bloody gripe be laid
Upon the head of a thrice-anointed queen?"

It need hardly be said that there is nothing about this triple anointing in Schiller. However, if Mrs. Kemble bestows one crown too many upon the unfortunate Mary, she balances the account by giving her many lovers where both history and Schiller assign her only one.

"So speiste sie zu Sterlyn ihren Gatten,
Da sie aus Gold mit ihrem Buhlen trank,"

writes Schiller; which Mrs. Kemble transforms into—

"'Twas thus her husband's board was spread in
Stirling,
While she pledged her gallants in cups of gold."

With the same heedlessness, in the next scene, Mary's complaint that *Elizabeth* was robbing her of spiritual consolations is translated, "*Those* who have robbed me of my crown and freedom." Even in translating the stage-directions, the same carelessness is betrayed, many of the said directions being omitted without the slightest reason. At the commencement of the scene which furnishes the last-noticed blunder, the original direction tells the reader that Mary enters with a *crucifix* in her hand. With Mrs. Kemble the crucifix becomes a rosary, though in the very preceding words Paulet exclaims:—

"The crucifix in her hand, and in her heart
Worldliness, wantonness, and boundless pride."

With such recklessness in common words, we can hardly wonder that a somewhat singular term, "*Himmeldecke*," should be translated a "*dais*"—which "*dais*," indeed, Mrs. Kemble imagines to be something placed above a person's head. Nor are we surprised when, a little further, the complaint of Hannah Kennedy that the queen was robbed of all the little pleasures and decorations of daily life is perverted into—

"The noblest courage fails
From day to day 'neath petty injuries."

Still less do we open our eyes when a line in Paulet's answer, requiring some steady thought to translate,—"Das in sich geben und bereuen soll,"—is quietly omitted altogether. The translator's surplusage hardly makes up for her omissions. Schiller's "*Was ist der*

Mensch! Was ist das Glück der Erde! "is not improved by being thus diluted, with additions:—

"O earth! O men! O wretched human fortunes! Where are your roots, prosperity and greatness!"

The noble scene at Fotheringay, where Mary rejoices in her supposed liberty, is on the whole well, nay finely, translated, and only increases the reader's wonder at Mrs. Kemble's occasional interpolations. Not satisfied with a lame rendering of Hannah Kennedy's opening exclamation, "Ihr eilet ja, als wenn ihr Flügel hättet," she must needs tack on to it this absurd piece of pure and unmitigated Kemble, "I'm cramped with age and lack of exercise;" adding still more about her "old joints aching." And these violations of good taste and correctness are taken almost by chance, as we open the original here and there to see what Mrs. Kemble has made of it. Certainly it was never our lot to come across a translation of any kind in which so much ability was marred by so much unwarrantable and thoughtless want of care.

Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, which fills the

remainder of the volume, is translated from Dumas's play of the same name, performed some years ago in the original French, at the St. James's Theatre. The story is as lax as the dialogue is amusing, and the conduct of the situations ingenious and effective. By way of mending Dumas's morals, Mrs. Kemble has substituted a betrothed wife for a profligate mistress, though in her preface, which is sarcastic and to the point, she expresses her fears lest she should thereby have spoiled the play as a picture of manners, without much improving its decencies. We do not happen to have the original at hand, and therefore cannot assent to, or dissent from, her opinion as to her performance. She has certainly managed the alterations very cleverly, and it is only here and there that we fancy we detect a little cumbrous commonplace amidst the sparkling persiflage of Dumas. As it stands, the play reads very well; and had Mrs. Kemble been judiciously advised, she would have placed it first or second in her volume, and kept her own tragedy for the end, if she must needs have let it see the light at all.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, NOV. 21.—A memorial to the University of Cambridge, praying for the establishment of a professorship of Sanscrit there, was adopted by the meeting. Mr. H. T. Parker of Ladbrooke Villas—an American gentleman residing here—presented to the Society a volume of especial interest to those concerned in the Society's Proposed New English Dictionary; namely, a folio volume containing Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and Sir Matthew Hales's "Pleas of the Crown," marked by Samuel Johnson for his dictionary-clerks to copy extracts from. No mistake is there as to the words the old man wanted—three heavy scores in the fair, broad margin, and the initial of the word with a dash through it, call the clerk's attention to the passage; while a tick at the beginning and end of it, and a line under the word, show of what extent the passage is to be, and what the catchword is. A comparison of the passages scored with the dictionary shows the great lexicographer must have had several extracts under his eye for many of his words, and used the one or two which he thought the best. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Parker for his very valuable and interesting present. The paper read was "On the English Genitive," by Mr. Serjeant Manning, Q.C. The paper being a complete treatise, the ninth chapter only was read, in which the Serjeant endeavored to refute Johnson's theory that our modern English possessive 's is the abbreviation of the Anglo-Saxon

genitive -es. Basing his argument on the use of *his* in the later MS. of Layamon (about 1300 A.D.,) printed by Sir F. Madden, the writer showed that *his* was used for both numbers and all genders. He contended that this *his* was not the possessive of *he*, but an autochthonous product of English soil—though paralleled by German and other nations' use of its equivalent—and that there was no contradiction in applying it to feminines and plurals. The paper was hotly opposed by the Early English and comparative scholars present. The former urged that the use of the genitival *es* or *is* in many nouns was continuous till 's took their place, and that the autochthonous *his* arose from ignorant scribes not understanding that the *is* was the genitival ending, and writing it in most manuscripts apart from the noun. Then came some semi-clever scribes and put on the *h*, thinking the *is* was a misspelling of the possessive of *he*. The comparative philologist, of course, said that there was no *his* in Sanscrit or Greek, Latin, etc., that the English genitival *s* had the same origin as the same *s* in other languages, and was prepositional. Nevertheless, as the paper contained an historical review of the theories held in England on the subject and the arguments in support of them, together with a notice of some uses of the English genitive generally unremarked, a hope was expressed that the paper might be printed, though it was too long for the Society's Transactions.

PART III.—CHAPTER IX.
MAITLAND'S FRIEND.

"I don't think I'll walk down to the Burnside with you to-day," said Beck Graham to Maitland, on the morning after their excursion.

"And why not?"

"People have begun to talk of our going off together alone—long solitary walks. They say it means something—or nothing."

"So, I opine, does every step and incident of our lives."

"Well, you understand what I intended to say."

"Not very clearly, perhaps; but I shall wait a little farther explanation. What is it that the respectable public imputes to us?"

"That you are a very dangerous companion for a young lady in a country walk."

"But am I? Don't you think you are in a position to refute such a calumny?"

"I spoke of you as I found you."

"And how might that be?"

"Very amusing at some moments; very absent at others; very desirous to be thought lenient and charitable in your judgments of people, while evidently thinking the worst of every one; and with a rare frankness about yourself that, to any one not very much interested to learn the truth, was really as valuable as the true article."

"But you never charged me with any ungenerous use of my advantage; to make professions, for instance, because I found you alone?"

"A little—a very little of that—there was; just as children stamp on thin ice and run away when they hear it crack beneath them."

"Did I go so far as that?"

"Yes; and Sally says, if she was in my place, she'd send papa to you this morning."

"And I should be charmed to see him. There are no people whom I prefer to naval men. They have the fresh, vigorous, healthy tone of their own sea life in all they say."

"Yes; you'd have found him vigorous enough, I promise you."

"And why did you consult your sister at all?"

"I did not consult her; she got all out of me by cross-questioning. She began by saying, 'That man is a mystery to me; he has not come down here to look after the

widow nor Isabella; he's not thinking of politics nor the borough; there's no one here that he wants or cares for. What can he be at?'"

"Couldn't you have told her that he was one of those men who have lived so much in the world, it is a luxury to them to live a little out of it? Just as it is a relief to sit in a darkened room after your eyes have been dazzled with too strong light. Couldn't you have said, He delights to talk and walk with me, because he sees that he may expand freely, and say what comes uppermost, without any fear of an unfair inference? That, for the same reason,—the pleasure of an unrestricted intercourse,—he wishes to know old Mrs. Butler, and talk with her—over anything, in short? Just to keep mind and faculties moving—as a light breeze stirs a lake and prevents stagnation."

"Well, I'm not going to perform Zephyr—even in such a high cause."

"Couldn't you have said, We had a pleasant walk and a mild cigarette together,—*voilà tout*?" said he, languidly.

"I think it would be very easy to hate you—hate you cordially—Mr. Norman Maitland."

"So I've been told—and some have even tried it, but always unsuccessfully."

"Who is this wonderful foreigner they are making so much of at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge?" cried Mark from one of the window recesses, where he was reading a newspaper. "Maitland, you who know all these people, who is the Prince Caffarelli?"

"Caffarelli! It must be the count," cried Maitland, hurrying over to see the paragraph. "The prince is upwards of eighty; but his son, Count Caffarelli, is my dearest friend in the world. What could have brought him over to Ireland?"

"Ah! there is the very question he himself is asking about the great Mr. Norman Maitland," said Mrs. Trafford, smiling.

"My reasons are easily stated. I had an admirable friend, who could secure me a most hospitable reception. I came here to enjoy the courtesies of country home life in a perfection I scarcely believed they could attain to. The most unremitting attention to one's comfort, combined with the wildest liberty."

"And such port wine," interposed the

commodore, "as I am free to say no other cellar in the province can rival."

"Let us come back to your prince or count," said Mark, "whichever he is. Why not ask him down here?"

"Yes; we have room," said Lady Lyle; "the M'Clintocks left this morning."

"By all means, invite him," broke in Mrs. Trafford; "that is, if he be what we conjecture the dear friend of Mr. Maitland might and should be."

"I am afraid to speak of him," said Maitland; "one deserves a friend by any overpraise; but at Naples, and in his own set, he is thought charming."

"I like Italians myself," said Colonel Hoyle. "I had a fellow I picked up at Malta—a certain Geronimo. I'm not sure he was not a Maltese; but such a salad as he could make! There was everything you could think of in it—tomata, eggs, sardines, radishes, beetroot, cucumber."

"Every Italian is a bit of a cook," said Maitland, relieving adroitly the company from the tiresome detail of the colonel. "I'll back my friend Caffarelli for a dish of macaroni against all professional artists."

While the colonel and his wife got into a hot dispute whether there was or was not a slight flavor of parmesan in the salad, the others gathered around Maitland to hear more of his friend. Indeed, it was something new to all to hear an Italian of class and condition. They only knew the nation as tenors, or modellers, or language-masters. Their compound idea of Italian was a thing of dark skin and dark eyes—very careless in dress—very submissive in aspect—with a sort of subdued fire, however, in look, that seemed to say how much energy was only sleeping there; and when Maitland sketched the domestic ties of a rich magnate of the land, living a life of luxurious indolence, in a sort of childlike simplicity as to what engaged other men in other countries, without a thought for questions of politics, religion, or literature, living for mere life's sake, he interested them much.

"I shall be delighted to ask him here," said he, at last; "only let me warn you against disappointment. He'll not be witty like a Frenchman, nor profound like a German, nor energetic like an Englishman—he'll neither want to gain knowledge nor impart it. He'll only ask to be permitted

to enjoy the pleasures of a very charming society without any demand being made upon him to contribute anything—to make him fancy, in short, that he knew you all years and years ago, and has just come back out of cloudland to renew the intimacy. Will you have him after this?"

"By all means," was the reply. "Go and write your letter to him."

Maitland went to his room, and soon wrote the following:—

"CARO CARLO MIO,—Who'd have thought of seeing you in Ireland? But I have scarce courage to ask you how and why you came here, lest you retort the question upon myself. For the moment, however, I am comfortably established in a goodish sort of country-house, with some pretty women, and, thank Heaven, no young men save one son of the family, whom I have made sufficiently afraid of me to repress all familiarities. They beg me to ask you here, and I see nothing against it. We eat and drink very well. The place is healthy, and though the climate is detestable, it braces and gives appetite. We shall have, at all events ample time to talk over much that interests us both, and so I say, Come!

"The road is by Belfast, and thence to Coleraine, where we shall take care to meet you. I ought to add that your host's name is Sir Arthur Lyle, an Anglo-Indian, but who,—thank your stars for it!—being a civilian, has neither shot tigers nor stuck pigs. It will also be a relief to you to learn that there's no sport of any kind in the neighborhood, and there cannot be the shade of a pretext for making you mount a horse or carry a gun, nor can any insidious tormentor persecute you with objects of interest or antiquity; and so, once again, Come, and believe me, ever your most cordial friend,

"N. MAITLAND.

"There is no reason why you should not be here by Saturday, so that, if nothing contrary is declared, I shall look out for you by that day; but write, at all events."

CHAPTER X. A BLUNDER.

SIR ARTHUR LYLE was a county dignity, and somewhat fond of showing it. It is true, he could not compete with the old blood of the land, or contest place with an O'Neil or an O'Hara; but his wealth gave him a special power, and it was a power that all could appreciate. There was no mistake about one who could head a subscription by a hundred pounds, or write himself patron of a school or

an hospital with a thousand! And then his house was more splendid, his servants more numerous, their liveries finer, his horses better, than his neighbors; and he was not above making these advantages apparent. Perhaps his Indian experiences may have influenced his leanings, and taught him to place a higher value on show and all the details of external greatness. On everything that savored of a public occasion, he came with all the pomp and parade of a sovereign. A meeting of poor-law guardians, a committee of the county infirmary, a board of railway directors, were all events to be signaled by his splendid appearance.

His coach and four, and his outriders—for he had outriders—were admirable in all their appointments. Royalty could not have swung upon more perfectly balanced nor easier springs, nor could a royal team have beat the earth with a grander action or more measured rhythm. The harness—bating the excess of splendor—was perfect. It was massive and well-fitting. As for the servants, a master of the horse could not have detected an inaccurate fold in their cravats, nor a crease in their silk stockings. Let the world be as critical or slighting as it may, these things are successes. They are trifles only to him who has not attempted them. Neither is it true to say that money can command them; for there is much in them that mere money cannot do. There is a keeping in all details—a certain “tone” throughout, and, above all, a discipline, the least flaw in which would convert a solemn display into a mockery.

Neighbors might criticise the propriety or canvass the taste of so much ostentation, but none, not the most sarcastic or scrutinizing, could say one word against the display itself; and so, when on a certain forenoon the dense crowd of the market-place scattered and fled right and left to make way for the prancing leaders of that haughty equipage, the sense of admiration overcame even the unpleasant feeling of inferiority, and that flunkeyism that has its hold on humanity felt a sort of honor in being hunted away by such magnificence.

Through the large square—or Diamond, as the northerns love to call it—of the town they came, upsetting apple-stalls and crockery-booths, and frightening old peasant women, who, with a goose under one arm, and a

bank of yarn under the other, were bent on enterprises of barter and commerce. Sir Arthur drove up to the bank, of which he was the governor, and on whose steps, to receive him, now stood the other members of the board. With his massive gold watch in hand, he announced that the fourteen miles had been done in an hour and sixteen minutes, and pointed to the glossy team, whose swollen veins stood out like whip-cord, to prove that there was no distress to the cattle. The board chorussed assent, and one—doubtless an ambitious man—actually passed his hand down the back sinews of a wheeler, and said, “Cool as spring-water, I pledge my honor.” Sir Arthur smiled benignly, looked up at the sky, gave an approving look at the sun as though to say, Not bad for Ireland—and entered the bank.

It was about five o'clock in the same evening when the great man again appeared at the same place; he was flushed and weary looking. Some rebellious spirits—is not the world full of them?—had dared to oppose one of his ordinances. They had ventured to question some subsidy that he would accord, or refuse, to some local line of railroad. The opposition had deeply offended him; and though he had crushed it, it had wounded him. He was himself the Bank!—its high repute, its great credit, its large connection, were all of his making; and that same Mr. M'Candlish who had dared to oppose him, was a creature of his own—that is, he had made him a tithe-valuator, or a road-inspector, or a stamp-distributor, or a something or other of the hundred petty places which he distributed just as the monks of old gave alms at the gates of their convents.

Sir Arthur whispered a word to Mr. Boyd, thesecretary, as he passed down-stairs. “How does Mr. M'Candlish stand with the bank? He has had advances lately—send me a note of them.” And thus bent on reprisals, he stood waiting for that gorgeous equipage which was now standing fully ready in the inn-yard, while the coachman was discussing a chop and a pot of porter. “Why is not he ready?” asked Sir Arthur, impatiently.

“He was getting a nail in Blenheim's off fore-shoe, sir,” was the ready reply; and as Blenheim was a blood bay sixteen-three, and worth two hundred and fifty pounds, there was no more to be said; and so Sir Arthur saw the rest of the board depart on jaunting-

cars, gigs, or dog-carts, as it might be—humble men with humble conveyances, that could take them to their homes without the delays that wait upon greatness.

"Anything new stirring, Boyd?" asked Sir Arthur, trying not to show that he was waiting for the pleasure of his coachman.

"No, sir; all dull as ditch-water."

"We want rain, I fancy—don't we?"

"We'd not be worse for a little, sir. The after-grass, at least, would benefit by it."

"Why don't you pave this town better, Boyd? I'm certain it was these rascally stones twisted Blenheim's shoe."

"Our corporation will do nothing, sir—nothing," said the other, in a whisper.

"Who is that fellow with the large whiskers, yonder, on the steps of the hotel? He looks as if he owned the town."

"A foreigner, Sir Arthur; a Frenchman or a German, I believe. He came over this morning to ask if we knew the address of Mr. Norman Maitland."

"Count Caffarelli," muttered Sir Arthur to himself—"what a chance that I should see him! How did he come?"

"Posted, sir; slept at Cookstown last night, and came here to breakfast."

Though the figure of the illustrious stranger was very far from what Sir Arthur was led to expect, he knew that personal appearance was not so distinctive abroad as in England, and so he began to con over to himself what words of French he could muster, to make his advances. Now, had it been Hindostanee that was required, Sir Arthur would have opened his negotiations with all the florid elegance that could be wished; but French was a tongue in which he had never been a proficient, and, in his ordinary life, had little need of. He thought, however, that his magnificent carriage and splendid horses would help him out of the blunders of declensions and genders, and that what he wanted in grammar he could make up in greatness. "Follow me to M'Grotty's," said he to his coachman, and took the way across the square.

Major M'Caskey—for it was no other than that distinguished gentleman—was standing with both hands in the pockets of a very short shooting-jacket, and a clay pipe in his mouth, as Sir Arthur, courteously uncovering, bowed his way up the steps, saying something in which "l'honneur," "la félicité," and "in-

finiment flatté," floated amidst a number of less intelligibly rendered syllables, ending the whole with "Ami de mon ami, M. Norman Maitland."

Major M'Caskey raised his hat straight above his head and replaced it, listening calmly to the embarrassed attempts of the other, and then coldly replied in French, "I have the honor to be the friend of M. Maitland. How and when can I see him?"

"If you will condescend to be my guest, and allow me to offer you a seat with me to Lyle Abbey, you will see your friend." And, as Sir Arthur spoke, he pointed to his carriage.

"Ah, and this is yours? Pardie! it's remarkably well done. I accept at once—fetch down my portmanteau and the pistol-case," said he to a small, ill-looking boy in a shabby green livery, and to whom he spoke in a whisper; while turning to Sir Arthur, he resumed his French. "This I call a real piece of good-fortune—I was just saying to myself, Here I am; and though he says, Come! how are we to meet?"

"But you knew, count, that we were expecting you."

"Nothing of the kind. All I knew was his message, 'Come here.' I had no anticipation of such pleasant quarters as you promise me."

Seated in the post of honor on the right of Sir Arthur, the major, by way of completing the measure of his enjoyments, asked leave to smoke. The permission was courteously accorded, and away they rolled over the smooth highway to the pleasant measure of that stirring music—the trot of four spanking horses.

Two—three—four efforts did Sir Arthur make at conversation, but they all ended in sad failure. He wanted to say something about the crops, but he did not remember the French for "oats;" he wished to speak of the road, but he knew not the phrase for Grand Jury; he desired to make some apology for a backward season, but he might as well have attempted to write a Greek ode, and so he sat and smiled and waved his hand, pointing out objects of interest, and interjectionally jerking out, "Bons—braves—très braves—but poor—pauvres—très pauvres—light soil—légère, you understand," and with a vigorous hem, satisfied himself that he had said something intelligible. After this no

more attempts at conversation were made, for the major had quietly set his companion down for an intense bore and fell back upon his tobacco for solace.

"*Là !*" cried the baronet, after a long silence—and he pointed with his finger to a tall tower, over which a large flag was waving, about a half a mile away—" *Là ! Notre château—Lyle Abbey—moi ;*" and he tapped his breast to indicate the personal interest that attached to the spot.

"*Je vous en fais mes compliments,*" cried M'Caskey, who chuckled at the idea of such quarters, and very eloquently went on to express the infinite delight it gave him to cultivate relations with a family at once so amiable and so distinguished. The happy hazard which brought him was in reality another tie that bound him to the friendship of that "*cher Maitland.*" Delivered of this, the major emptied his pipe, replaced it in its case, and then, taking off his hat, ran his hands through his hair, arranged his shirt collar, and made two or three other efforts at an improvised toilette.

"We are late—en retard—I think," said Sir Arthur, as they drew up at the door, where two sprucely dressed servants stood to receive them. "*We dine—at eight—eight,*" said he, pointing to that figure on his watch. "*You'll have only time to dress—dress ;*" and he touched the lapet of his coat, for he was fairly driven to pantomime to express himself. "*Hailes,*" cried he to a servant in discreet black, "*show the count to his room, and attend to him ; his own man has not come on, it seems.*" And then, with many bows and smiles and courteous gestures, consigned his distinguished guest to the care of Mr. Hailes, and walked hurriedly up-stairs to his own room.

"Such a day as I have had !" cried he, as he entered the dressing-room, where Lady Lyle was seated with a French novel. "*Those fellows at the bank, led on by that creature M'Candlish, had the insolence to move an amendment to that motion of mine about the drainage loan. I almost thought they'd have given me a fit of apoplexy ; but I crushed them ; and I told Boyd, 'if I see any more of this, I don't care from what quarter it comes—if these insolences be repeated—I'll resign the direction. It's no use making excuses, pleading that you misunderstood this or mistook that, Boyd,' said I ; 'if it occurs again,*

I go.' And then, as if this was not enough, I've had to talk French all the way out. By the way, where's Maitland ?"

"Talk French ! what do you mean by that ?"

"Where's Maitland, I say ?"

"He's gone off with Mark to Larne. They said they'd not be back to dinner."

"Here's more of it ; we shall have his foreign fellow on our hands till he comes—this Italian count. I found him at M'Grotty's, and brought him back with me."

"And what is he like ? Is he as captivating as his portrait bespeaks ?"

"He is, to my mind, as vulgar a dog as ever I met : he smoked beside me all the road, though he saw how his vile tobacco set me coughing ; and he stretched his legs over the front-seat of the carriage, where, I promise you, his boots have left their impress on the silk lining ; and he poked his cane at Crattle's wig, and made some impertinent remark which I couldn't catch. I never was very enthusiastic about foreigners, and the present specimen has not made a convert of me."

"Maitland likes him," said she, languidly.

"Well, then, it is an excellent reason not to like Maitland. There's the second bell already. By the way, this count, I suppose, takes you in to dinner ?"

"I suppose so, and it is very unpleasant, for I am out of the habit of talking French. I'll make Alice sit on the other side of him and entertain him."

The news that the distinguished Italian friend of Mr. Norman Maitland had arrived, created a sort of sensation in the house, and as the guests dropped into the drawing-room before dinner there was no other topic than the count. The door at last opened for his *entrée* ; and he came in unannounced, the servant being probably unable to catch the name he gave. In the absence of her father and mother, Mrs. Trafford did the honors, and received him most courteously, presenting the other guests to him or him to them, as it might be. When it came to the turn of the commodore, he started and muttered, "*Eh, very like, the born image of him !*" and coloring deeply at his own awkwardness, mumbled out a few unmeaning commonplaces. As for the major, he eyed him with one of his steadiest stares—unflinching, unblenching ; and even said to Mrs. Trafford in a whisper, "*I didn't catch the name ; was*

it Green you said?" Seated between Lady Lyle and Mrs. Trafford, M'Caskey felt that he was the honored guest of the evening: Maitland's absence, so feelingly deplored by the others, gave him little regret; indeed, instinct told him that they were not men to like each other, and he was all the happier that he had the field for a while his own. It was not a very easy task to be the pleasant man of an Irish country-house, in a foreign tongue; but, if any man could have success, it was M'Caskey. The incessant play of his features, the varied tones of his voice, his extraordinary gestures, appealed to those who could not follow his words, and led them very often to join in the laughter which his sallies provoked from others. He was, it is true, the exact opposite to all they had been led to expect—he was neither well-looking nor distinguished, nor conciliatory in manner—there was not a trace of that insinuating softness and gentleness Maitland had spoken of—he was, even to those who could not follow his speech, one of the most coolly unabashed fellows they had ever met, and made himself at home with a readiness that said much more for his boldness than for his breeding; and yet, withal, each was pleased in turn to see how he outtalked some heretofore tyrant of conversation, how impudently he interrupted a bore, and how mercilessly he pursued an antagonist whom he had vanquished. It is not at all improbable, too, that he owed something of his success to that unconquerable objection people feel at confessing that they do not understand a foreign language—the more when that language is such a cognate one as French. What a deal of ecstasy does not the polite world expend upon German drama and Italian tragedy, and how frequently are people moved to every imaginable emotion, without the slightest clue to the intention of the charmer! If he was great at the dinner-table, he was greater in the drawing-room. Scarcely was coffee served than he was twanking away with a guitar, and singing a Spanish muleteer song, with a jingling imitation of bells for the accompaniment; or seated at the piano he carolled out a French canzonette descriptive of soldier-life, far more picturesque than it was proper; and all this time there was the old commodore cruising above and below him, eying and watching him—growing perfectly feverish with the anxiety of his doubts, and yet unable to con-

firm or refute them. It was a suspicious craft; he felt that he had seen it before, and knew the rig well, and yet he was afraid to board and say, "Let me look at your papers."

"I say, Beck, just go slyly up and say something, accidentally, about Barbadoes; don't ask any questions, but remark that the evening is close, or the sky threatening, or the air oppressive, just as it used to be before a tornado there." The old sailor watched her, as he might have watched a boat party on a cutting-out expedition; he saw her draw nigh the piano; he thought he could trace all the ingenious steps by which she neared her object; and he was convinced that she had at last thrown the shell on board him; but what was his grievous disappointment, as he saw that the little fellow had turned to her with a look of warmest admiration, and actually addressed a very ardent love-song to the eyes that were then bent upon him. The commodore made signals to cease firing and fall back, but in vain. She was too deeply engaged to think of orders; and there she stood to be admired and worshipped and adored in all the moods and tenses of a French "romance." But Miss Rebecca Graham was not the only victim of the major's captivations; gradually the whole company of the drawing-room had gathered round the piano, some to wonder, some to laugh at, some to feel amused by, and not a few to feel angry with that little fiery-eyed impertinent-looking fellow, who eyed the ladies so languishingly, and stared at the men as if asking, "Who'll quarrel with me?" You might not like, but it was impossible to ignore him. There was, too, in his whole air and bearing a conscious sense of power—a sort of bold self-reliance—that dignifies even impudence; and as he sat in his chair with head up and hands vigorously striking the chords of the piano, he looked, as it is by no means improbable that he felt, "M'Caskey against the field." It was in the midst of hearty applause at a song he had just completed, that Maitland entered the room. In the hall he had learned from the servants that his foreign friend had arrived, and he hurried forward to greet him. Rather puzzled at the vociferous gayety of the company, he made his way through the crowd and approached the piano, and then stood, staring on every side, to find out his friend.

Though he saw the major, his eye only rested passingly on him, as it ranged eagerly to catch the features of another.

"He's very amusing, though not in the least what you led us to expect," whispered Mrs. Trafford.

"Who is it of whom you are speaking?"

"Your friend yonder, the Count Caffarelli."

"What—that man?" cried Maitland, as he grew pale with passion; and now pushing forward, he leaned over the back of the music-stool, and whispered, "Who are you that call yourself Count Caffarelli!"

"Is your name Maitland?" said the other, with perfect coolness.

"Yes."

"Mine is M'Caskey, sir."

"And by what presumption do I find you here?"

"This is not the place nor the moment for explanations; but if you want or prefer exposures, don't balk your fancy; I'm as ready as you are."

Maitland reeled back as if from a blow, and looked positively ill; and then laughingly turning to the company, he said some commonplace words about his ill-luck in being late to hear the last song.

"Well, it must be the last for to-night," said Mr. M'Caskey, rising. "I have really imposed too much upon every one's forbearance."

After a little of the usual skirmishing—the entreaties and the coy refusals—the recollection of that charming thing you sang for us at Woodpark—and the doubts lest they had brought no music with them—the Misses Graham sat down to one of those duets which every one in England seems able to compose and to sing; lackadaisical ditties adapted to the humblest musical proficiency, and unfortunately, too, the very narrowest intelligences. While the remainder of the company, after a very brief moment of silence, resumed conversation, Major M'Caskey stepped unobserved from the room—by all, at least, but by Maitland, who speedily followed him, and, led by the sound of his footsteps along the corridor, tracked him through the great hall. M'Caskey was standing on the lawn, and in the act of lighting his cigar, as Maitland came up.

"Explain this intrusion here, sir, now, if you can," cried Maitland, as he walked straight towards him.

"If you want any explanations from me, you'll have to ask for them more suitably," said the other, coldly.

"I desire to know under what pretence you assume a name and rank you have no right to, to obtain admission to this house?"

"Your question is easily answered: your instructions to me were, on my arrival at Coleraine, to give myself out for a foreigner, and not to speak English with any one. I have your note in my desk, and think there can be no mistake about its meaning."

"Well, well; I know all that! Go on," cried Maitland, impatiently.

M'Caskey smiled, half-insolently, at this show of temper, and continued: "It was then, in my assumed character of Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, or whatever you wish—for they are pretty much alike to me—I was standing at the door of the inn, when a rather pompous old fellow with two footmen after him came up, and in some execrable French, endeavored to accost me, mingling your name in his jargon, and inviting me, as well as his language would permit, to return with him to his house. What was I to conclude but that the arrangement was yours? Indeed, I never gave a doubt to it."

"When he addressed you as the Count Caffarelli, you might have had such a doubt," said Maitland, sneeringly.

"He called me simply count," was the reply.

"Well; so far well: there was no assumption of a name, at least."

"None whatever; and if there had been, would the offence have seemed to you so very—very unpardonable?" It is not easy to convey the intense impertinence given to the delivery of this speech by the graduated slowness of every word, and the insolent composure with which it was spoken.

"What do you mean, sir, by this—this insinuation?" cried Maitland.

"Insinuation! It's none. It is a mere question as to a matter of good taste or good morals."

"I have no time for such discussions, sir," said Maitland, hotly. "I am glad to find that the blunder by which you came here was not of your own provoking, though I cannot see how it makes the explanation less difficult to myself."

"What is your difficulty, may I ask?" cried M'Caskey, coolly.

"Is it no difficulty that I must explain how I know—" and he stopped suddenly, just as a man might stop on the verge of a precipice, and look, horror-struck, down into the depth below him. "I mean," said he, recovering himself, "that to enter upon the question of our relations to each other would open the discussion of matters essentially secret. When I have said I know you, the next question will be, Who is he?"

"Well, what is the difficulty there? I am Graf M'Caskey, in Bavaria, Count of Serramajor, in Sicily; Commander of the Order of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a Knight of Malta. I mention these, for I have the 'brevets' with me."

"Very true," said Maitland: "but you are also the same Lieutenant Miles M'Caskey who served in the 2d West Indian Regiment, and who left a few unsettled matters between him and the government there, when he quitted Barbadoes."

"And which they wont rake up, I promise you, if they don't want to hang an ex-governor," said he, laughing. "But none of us, Mr. Maitland, will stand such investigations as these. There's a statute of limitations for morals as well as for small debts."

Maitland winced under the insolent look of the other, and, in a tone somewhat shaken, continued: "At all events, it will not suit me to open these inquiries. The only piece of good fortune in the whole is, that there was none here who knew you."

"I am not so very sure of that, though," said the major, with a quiet laugh.

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Why, that there is an old fellow whom I remember to have met on the West Indian station; he was a lieutenant, I think, on board the *Dwarf*, and he looked as if he were puzzled about me."

"Gambier Graham?"

"That's the man; he followed me about all night, till some one carried him off to play cribbage; but he'd leave his game every now and then to come and stare at me, till I gave him a look that said, If you do that again, we'll have a talk over it in the morning."

"To prevent which you must leave this to-night, sir," said Maitland. "I am not in the habit of carrying followers about with me to the country-houses where I visit."

A very prolonged whistle was M'Caskey's first reply to this speech, and then he said,

"They told me you were one of the cleverest fellows in Europe, but I don't believe a word of it; for if you were, you would never try to play the game of bully with a man of my stamp. Bigger men than Mr. Norman Maitland have tried that, and didn't come so well out of it!"

An insolent toss of the head, as he threw away his cigar, was all Maitland's answer. At last he said, "I suppose, sir, you cannot wish to drive me to say that I do not know you?"

"It would be awkward, certainly; for then I'd be obliged to declare that I do know you."

Instantly Maitland seized the other's arm; but M'Caskey, though not by any means so strong a man, flung off the grasp, and started back, saying, "Hands off, or I'll put a bullet through you! We've both of us lived long enough amongst foreigners to know that these are liberties that cost blood."

"This is very silly and very unprofitable," said Maitland, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "There ought not, there cannot be, any quarrel between you and me. Though it is no fault of yours that this blunder has occurred, the mistake has its unpleasant side, and may lead to some embarrassment, the more as this old sea-captain is sure to remember you if you meet again. There's only one thing for it, therefore—get away as fast as you can. I'll supply the pretext, and show Sir Arthur in confidence how the whole affair occurred."

M'Caskey shook his head dubiously.

"This is not to my liking, sir; it smacks of a very ignominious mode of retreat. I am to leave myself to be discussed by a number of perhaps not over-favorable critics, and defended by one who even shrinks from saying he knows me. No—no; I can't do this."

"But, remember you are not the person to whom these people meant to offer their hospitality."

"I am Major Miles M'Caskey," said he, drawing himself up to the full height of his five feet four inches; "and there is no mistake whatever in any consideration that is shown to the man who owns that name."

"Yes, but why are you here—how have you come?"

"I came by the host's invitation, and I look to you to explain how the blunder occurred, and to recognize me afterwards. That is what I expect, and what I insist on."

"And if your old friend, the commodore, whose memory for ugly anecdotes seems inexhaustible, comes out with any unpleasant reminiscences of West Indian life—"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Norman Maitland. I'll take care to see my friend, as you call him, and I'll offer you a trifling wager he'll not be a whit more anxious to claim my acquaintance than you are."

"You appear to have no small reliance on your powers of intimidation, major," said Maitland, with a sneering smile.

"They have never failed me, for I have always backed them with a very steady hand and a correct eye, both of which are much at your service."

Maitland lifted his hat and bowed an acknowledgment.

"I think we are losing our time, each of us, Major M'Caskey. There need be no question of etiquette here. You are, if I understand the matter aright, under my orders. Well, sir, these orders are, that you now start for Castle Durrow, and be prepared by Tuesday next to make me a full report of your proceedings, and produce for me, if necessary, the men you have engaged."

The change effected in the major's manner at these words was magical; he touched his hat in salute, and listened with all show of respect.

"It is my intention, if satisfied with your report, to recommend you for the command of the legion, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel," continued Maitland; "and I have already written about those advances you mentioned."

"I'll take care that you are satisfied with me," said M'Caskey, respectfully; "I'll start within half an hour."

"This is all as it should be. I hope it is our first and last misunderstanding;" and he held out his hand frankly, which the other grasped and shook cordially. "How are you off for ready cash? Treat me as a comrade, and say freely."

"Not over flush, but I suppose I can rub on," said the major, with some confusion.

"I have some thirty sovereigns here," said Maitland; "take them, and we'll settle all when we meet."

M'Caskey put the purse in his pocket, and, with the uneasy consciousness of a man ashamed of what he was doing, muttered out

a few unmeaning words of thanks, and said, "Good-by!"

"These condottieri rascals have been troublesome fellows in all ages," said Maitland as he smoked away alone; "and I suspect they are especially unsuited to our present-day life and its habits. I must rid myself of the major."

CHAPTER XI.

EXPLANATIONS.

By the time Maitland had despatched his man Fenton to meet Count Caffarelli, and prevent his coming to Lyle Abbey, where his presence would be sure to occasion much embarrassment, the company had retired to their rooms, and all was quiet.

Though Mark was curious to know why and how Maitland had disappeared with his foreign friend, he had grown tired thinking over it, and fallen sound asleep. Nor did he hear Maitland as he entered the room and drew nigh his bedside.

"What's wrong—what has happened?" cried Mark, as he started up suddenly on his bed.

"Nothing very serious, but still something worth waking you for; but are you sure you are awake?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. What is it all about? Who are in it?"

"We are all in it, for the matter of that," said Maitland, with a quiet laugh. "Try and listen to me attentively for a couple of minutes. The man your father brought back with him from Coleraine, believing him to be my friend Caffarelli, was not Caffarelli at all!"

"What! And he pretended to be?"

"No such thing; hear me out. Your father spoke to him in French; and finding out—I don't exactly know how—that he and I were acquaintances, rushed at once to the conclusion that he must be Caffarelli. I conclude that the interview was not made more intelligible to either party by being carried on in French; but the invitation so frankly given was as freely accepted. The stranger came, dined, and was here in the drawing-room when we came back."

"This is unpardonable. Who is he? What is he?"

"He is a gentleman, I believe, as well born as either of us. I know something—not much—about him, but there are circum-

stances which, in a manner, prevent me from talking of him. He came down to this part of the world to see me, though I never intended it should have been here."

"Then his intrusion here 'was not sanctioned by you?"

"No. It was all your father's doing."

"My father's doing, if you like, Maitland, but concurred in and abetted by this man, whoever he is."

"I'll not even say that; he assures me that he accepted the invitation in the belief that the arrangement was made by me."

"And you accept that explanation?"

"Of course I do. I see nothing in it in the smallest degree improbable or unlikely."

"Well, who is he? That is the main point; for it is clear you do not wish us to receive him as a friend of yours."

"I say I'd not have presented him here, certainly; but I'll not go the length of saying he couldn't have been known by any one in this house. He is one of those adventurous fellows whose lives must not be read with the same glasses as those of quieter people. He has knocked about the world for some five-and-twenty years, without apparently having found his corner in it yet. I wanted him—what for, I shall probably tell you one of these days—and some friends of mine found him out for me!"

"One of your mysteries, Maitland," said Mark, laughing.

"Yes, one of my mysteries!"

"Of what nation is he?"

"There, again, I must balk your curiosity. The fact is, Mark, I can explain nothing about this man without going into matters which I am solemnly bound not to reveal. What I have to ask from you is, that you will explain to your father, and of course to Lady Lyle and your sisters, the mistake that has occurred, and request that they will keep it a secret. He has already gone, so that your guests will probably not discuss him after a day or two."

"Not even so much, for there's a break-up. Old Mrs. Maxwell has suddenly discovered that her birthday will fall on next Friday, and she insists upon going back to Tilney Park to entertain the tenantry, and give a ball to the servants. Most of the people here accompany her, and Isabella and myself are obliged to go. Each of us expects to be her

heir, and we have to keep out competitors at all hazards."

"Why has she never thought of me?" said Maitland.

"She means to invite you, at all events; for I heard her consulting my mother how so formidable a personage should be approached—whether she ought to address you in a despatch, or ask for a conference."

"If a choice be given me, I'll stay where I am. The three days I promised you have grown nearer to three weeks, and I do not see the remotest chance of your getting rid of me."

"Will you promise me to stay till I tell you we want your rooms?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, you don't know—you couldn't know—what very tempting words you are uttering. This is such a charming, charming spot, to compose that novel I am—not—writing—that I never mean to leave till I have finished it; but, seriously speaking, like an old friend, am I a bore here? Am I occupying the place that is wanted for another? Are they tired of me?"

Mark overwhelmed his friend with assurances, very honest in the main, that they were only too happy to possess him as their guest, and felt no common pride in the fact that he could find his life there endurable. "I will own now," says he, "that there was a considerable awe of you felt before you came, but you have lived down the fear, and become a positive favorite."

"But who could have given such a version of me as to inspire this?"

"I am afraid I was the culprit," said Mark; "I was rather boastful about knowing you at all, and I suppose I frightened them."

"My dear Lyle, what a narrow escape I had of being positively odious! and I now see with what consummate courtesy my caprices have been treated, when really I never so much as suspected they had been noticed." There was a touch of sincerity in his accent as he spoke, that vouched for the honesty of his meaning; and Mark, as he looked at him, muttered to himself, "This is the man they call an egotist, and who is only intent on taking his turn out of all around him."

"I think I must let you go to sleep again, Mark," said Maitland, rising. "I am a wretched sleeper myself, and quite forget that there are happy fellows who can take

their ten hours of oblivion without any help from the druggist. Without this,"—and he drew a small phial from his waistcoat pocket,—"I get no rest."

"What a bad habit!"

"Isn't almost everything we do a bad habit? Have we ever a humor that recurs to us, that is not a bad habit? Are not the simple things which mean nothing in themselves, an evil influence when they grow into requirements and make slaves of us? I suppose it was a bad habit that made me a bad sleeper, and I turn to another bad habit to correct it. The only things which are positively bad habits, are those that require an effort to sustain, or will break down under us, without we struggle to support them. To be morose is not one jot a worse habit than to be agreeable; for the time will come when you are indisposed to be pleasant, and the company in which you find yourself are certain to deem the humor as an offence to themselves; but there is a worse habit than this, which is to go on talking to a man whose eyes are closing with sleep. Good-night."

Maitland said no more than the truth when he declared how happy he found himself in that quiet, unmolested existence which he led at Lyle Abbey. To be free in every way—to indulge his humor to be alone or in company—to go and come as he liked, were great boons; but they were even less than the enjoyment he felt in living amongst total strangers—persons who had never known, never heard of him—for whom he was not called on to make any effort, or support any character. No man ever felt more acutely the slavery that comes of sustaining a part before the world, and being as strange and as inexplicable as people required he should be. While a very young man, it amused him to trifle in this fashion, and to set absurd modes afloat for imitation; and he took a certain spiteful pleasure in seeing what a host of followers mere eccentricity could command. As he grew older, he wearied of this, and, to be free of it, wandered away to distant and unvisited countries, trying the old and barren experiment whether new sensations might not make a new nature. "*Cælum non animus mutant*," says the adage, and he came back pretty much as he went, with this only difference, that he now cared only for quietness and repose. Not the contemplative repose of one who sought to reflect without disturb-

ance, so much as the peaceful isolation that suited indolence. He fancied how he would have liked to be the son of that house, and dream away life in that wild, secluded spot; but, after all, the thought was like the epicure's notion of how contented he could be with a meal of potatoes!

As the day broke, he was roused from his light sleep by the tumult and noise of the departing guests. He arose and watched them through the half-closed jealousies. It was picturesque enough, in that crisp, fresh, frosty air, to see the groups as they gathered on the long terrace before the door; while equipages the most varied drew up—here a family-coach with long-tailed "blacks;" there a smart britschka, with spanking grays; a tandem, too, there was for Mark's special handling; and conspicuous by its pile of luggage in the "well," stood Gambier Graham's outside jaunting-car—a large basket of vegetables and fruit, and a hamper of lobsters, showing how such guests are propitiated, even in the hours of leave-taking.

Maitland watched Isabella in all her little attentive cares to Mrs. Maxwell, and saw, as he thought, the heir-expectant in every movement. He fancied that the shawl she carried on her arm was the old lady's, and was almost vexed when he saw her wrap it around her own shoulders. "Well, that at least is sycophancy," muttered he, as he saw her clutch up a little white Maltese terrier and kiss it; but alas for his prescience! the next moment she had given the dog to a servant to carry back into the house, and so it was her own that she was parting from, and not Mrs. Maxwell's that she was caressing!

It is strange to say that he was vexed at being disappointed. She was very pretty, very well-mannered, and very pleasing; but he longed to find that all the charm and grace about her were conventional; he wished to believe that "the whole thing," as he called life, was a mere trick, where all cheated in proportion to their capacities. Mark had been honest enough to own that they were fortune-hunting, and Isabella certainly could not be ignorant of the stake she played for.

One by one the carriages drew up and moved away, and now Gambier Graham's car stood before the door, alone; for the crowd of footmen who had thronged to press their services on the others, gradually melted away, hopeless of exacting a black-mail from

the old commodore. While Maitland stood watching the driver, who, in a composite sort of costume rather more gardener than coachman, amused himself flicking with his whip imaginary flies off the old mare's neck and withers, a smart tap came to the door, while a hasty voice called out, "May I come in?"

"Let me first hear who you are," said Maitland.

"Commodore Graham," was the answer.

In a moment it flashed across Maitland that the old sailor had come to reveal his discovery of M'Caskey. Just as quickly did he decide that it was better to admit him, and, if possible, contrive to make the story seem a secret between themselves.

"Come in, by all means—the very man I wanted to see," said Maitland, as he opened the door, and gave him a cordial shake-hands. "I was afraid you were going without seeing me, commodore; and, early as it was, I got up and was dressing in hope to catch you."

"That I call hearty—downright hearty—Maitland."

Maitland actually started at this familiar mention of him by one whom he had never met till a few days before.

"Rather a rare event in your life to be up at this hour, I'll be sworn—except when you haven't been to bed, eh!" And he laughed heartily at what he fancied was a most witty conceit. "You see we're all off! We've had springs on our cables these last twenty-four hours, with this frolicsome old woman, who would insist on being back for her birthday; but she's rich, Maitland—immensely rich, and we all worship her."

Maitland gave a faint shrug of the shoulders, as though he deplored the degeneracy, but couldn't help it.

"Yes, yes—I'm coming," cried the commodore, shouting from the window to his daughters beneath. "The girls are impatient; they want to be at Lesliesford when the others are crossing. There's a fresh on the river, and it's better to get some stout fellows to guide the carriages through the water. I wanted greatly to have five minutes alone with you—five would do—half of it perhaps between men of the world, as we are. You know about what?"

"I suspect I do," said Maitland, quietly.

"I saw, too," resumed Graham, "that you

wished to have no talk about it here, amongst all these gossiping people. Wasn't I right?"

"Perfectly right; you appreciated me thoroughly."

"What I said was this,—Maitland knows the world well. He'll wait till he has his opportunity of talking the matter over with myself. He'll say, 'Graham and I will understand one another at once.' One minute, only one," screamed he, out of the window. "Couldn't you come down and just say a word or two to them? They'd like it so much."

Maitland muttered something about his costume.

"Ah! there it is. You fellows will never be seen till you are in full fig. Well, I must be off. Now, then, to finish what we've been saying. You'll come over next week to Port Graham—that's my little place, though there's no port, nor anything like a port, within ten miles of it—and we'll arrange everything. If I'm an old fellow, Maitland, I don't forget that I was once a young one—mind that, my boy." And the commodore had to wipe his eyes, with the laughter at his drollery. "Yes; here I am," cried he, again; and then turning to Maitland, shook his hand in both his own, repeating, "On Wednesday—Wednesday to dinner—not later than five, remember," he hastened down the stairs, and scrambled up on the car beside his eldest daughter, who, apparently, had already opened a flood gate of attack on him for his delay.

"Insupportable old bore!" muttered Maitland, as he waved his hand from the window, and smiled his blandest salutations to the retreating party. "What a tiresome old fool to fancy that I am going over to Graham-pond, or port, or whatever it is, to talk over an incident that I desire to have forgotten! Besides, when once I have left this neighborhood, he may discuss M'Caskey every day after his dinner—he may write his life, for anything I care."

With this parting reflection, he went down to the garden, strolling listlessly along the dew-spangled alleys, and carelessly tossing aside with his cane the apple-blossoms, which lay thick as snow-flakes on the walks. While thus lounging, he came suddenly upon Sir Arthur as, hoe in hand, he imagined himself doing something useful.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Maitland," cried he, "Mark has just told me of the stupid mis-

take I made. Will you be generous enough to forgive me?"

"It is from me, sir, that the apologies must come," began Maitland.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Mr. Maitland. You will overwhelm me with shame if you say so. Let us each forget the incident; and believe me, I shall feel myself your debtor by the act of oblivion." He shook Maitland's hand warmly, and, in an easier tone, added, "What good news I have heard! You are not tired of us—not going!"

"I cannot—I told Mark this morning—I don't believe there is a road out of this."

"Well, wait here till I tell you it is fit for travelling," said Sir Arthur, pleasantly, and addressed himself once more to his labors as a gardener.

Meanwhile, Maitland threw himself down on a garden-bench, and cried aloud, "This is the real thing, after all—this is actual repose. Not a word of political intrigue, no snares, no tricks, no deceptions, and no defeats; no waking to hear of our friends arrested, and our private letters in the hands of a police prefect. No horrid memories of the night before, and that run of ill-luck that has left us almost beggars. I wonder how long the charm of this tranquillity would endure; or is it like all other anodynes, which lose their calming power by habit? I'd certainly like to try."

"Well, there is no reason why you should not," said a voice from the back of the summer-house, which he knew to be Mrs. Trafford's. He jumped up to overtake her; but she was gone.

CHAPTER XII. MAITLAND'S VISIT.

"WHAT WAS it you were saying about flowers, Jeanie? I was not minding," said Mrs. Butler, as she sat at her window watching the long, heaving roll of the sea, as it broke along the jagged and rugged shore, her thoughts the while far beyond it.

"I was saying, ma'am, that the same man that came with the books t'other day brought these roses, and asked very kindly how you were."

"You mean the same gentleman, lassie, who left his card here?" said the old lady, correcting that very northern habit of ignoring all differences of condition.

"Well, I mind he was, for he had very white hands, and a big bright ring on one of his fingers."

"You told him how sorry I was not to be able to see him—that these bad headaches have left me unable to receive any one?"

"Na! I didn't say that," said she, half-doggedly.

"Well, and what did you say?"

"I just said, she's thinkin' too much about her son, who is away from home, to find any pleasure in a strange face. He laughed a little quiet laugh, and said, 'There is good sense in that, Jeanie, and I'll wait for a better moment.'"

"You should have given my message as I spoke it to you," said the mistress, severely.

"I'm no sae blind that I canna see the differ between an aching head and a heavy heart. Ye're just frettin', and there's naething else the matter wi' you. There he goes now, the same man—the same gentleman, I mean," said she, with a faint scoff. "He aye goes back by the strand, and climbs the white rocks opposite the Skerries."

"Go and say that I'll be happy to have a visit from him to-morrow, Jeanie; and mind, put nothing of your own in it, lassie, but give my words as I speak them."

With a toss of her head Jeanie left the room, and soon after was seen skipping lightly from rock to rock towards the beach beneath. To the old lady's great surprise, however, Jeanie, instead of limiting herself to the simple words of her message, appeared to be talking away earnestly and fluently with the stranger; and, worse than all, she no-^r saw that he was coming back with her, and walking straight for the cottage. Mrs. Butler had but time to change her cap and smooth down the braids of her snow-white hair, when the key turned in the lock, and Jeanie ushered in Mr. Norman Maitland. Nothing could be more respectful or in better taste than Maitland's approach. He blended the greatest deference with an evident desire to make her acquaintance, and almost at once relieved her from what she so much dreaded—the first meeting with a stranger.

"Are you of the Clairlaverock Maitlands, sir?" asked she, timidly.

"Very distantly, I believe, madam. We all claim Sir Peter as the head of the family; but my own branch settled in India two generations back, and, I shame to say, thought of everything but genealogy."

"There was a great beauty, a Miss Hester

Maitland. When I was a girl she married a lord, I think?"

"Yes, she married a Viscount Kinross, a sort of cousin of her own; though I am little versed in family history. The truth is, madam, younger sons who had to work their way in the world were more anxious to bequeath habits of energy and activity to their children than ideas of blazons and quarterings."

The old lady sighed at this, but it was a sigh of relief. She had been dreading not a little a meeting with one of those haughty Maitlands, associated in her childhood's days with thoughts of wealth and power, and that dominance that smacks of, if it does not mean, insolence; and now she found one who was not ashamed to belong to a father who had toiled for his support and worked hard for his livelihood. And yet it was strange with what tenacity she clung to a topic that had its terrors for her. She liked to talk of the family and high connections and great marriages of all these people with whose names she was familiar as a girl, but whom she had never known, if she had so much as seen.

"My poor husband, sir—you may have heard of him—Colonel Walter Butler, knew all these things by heart. You had only to ask when did So-and-so die, and who married such a one, and he'd tell you as if out of a book."

"I have heard of Colonel Butler, madam. His fame as a soldier is widespread in India—indeed, I had hoped to have made his son's acquaintance when I came here; but I believe he is with his regiment."

"No, sir, he's not in the service," said she, flushing.

"Ah! a civilian, then. Well, madam, the Butlers have shown capacity in all careers."

"My poor boy has not had the chance given him as yet, Mr. Maitland. We were too poor to think of a profession; and so waiting and hoping, though it's not very clear for what, we let the time slip over, and there he is a great grown man! as fine a young fellow as you ever looked on, and as good as handsome, but yet he cannot do one hand's turn that would give him bread—and yet, ask your friends at the Abbey if there's a grace or gift of a gentleman he is not the master of."

"I think I know how the Lyles speak of him, and what affection they bear him."

"Many would condemn me, sir," cried she, warming with the one theme that engaged her whole heart, "for having thrown my boy amongst those so far above him in fortune, and given him habits and ways that his own condition must deny him; but it was my pride to see him in the station that his father held, and to know that he became it. I suppose there are dangers in it, too," said she, rather answering his grave look than anything he had said. "I take it, sir, there are great temptations, mayhap over-strong temptations, for young natures."

Maitland moved his head slightly, to imply that he assented.

"And it's not unlikely the poor boy felt that himself; for when he came home t'other night he looked scared and worn, and answered me shortly and abruptly in a way he never does, and made me sit down on the spot and write a letter for him to a great man who knew his father, asking—it is hard to say what I asked, and what I could have expected."

"Colonel Butler's son can scarcely want friends, madam," said Maitland, courteously.

"What the world calls friends are usually relatives, and we have but one who could pretend to any sort of influence, and his treatment of my poor husband debars us from all knowledge of him. He was an only brother, a certain Sir Omerod Butler. You may perhaps have heard of him."

"Formerly British Minister at Naples, I think?"

"The same, sir: a person, they tell me, of great abilities, but very eccentric and peculiar—indeed, so his letters bespeak him."

"You have corresponded with him then, madam?"

"No, sir, never; but he wrote constantly to my husband before our marriage. They were at that time greatly attached to each other; and the elder, Sir Omerod, was always planning and plotting for his brother's advancement. He talked of him as if he was his son, rather than a younger brother; in fact, there were eighteen years between them. Our marriage broke up all this. The great man was shocked at the humble connection, and poor Walter would not bear to have me slightly spoken of; but dear me, Mr. Maitland, how I am running on! To talk of such things to you! I am really ashamed of myself. What will you think of me?"

"Only what I have learned to think of you, madam, from all your neighbors—with sentiments of deep respect and sincere interest."

"It is very good of you to say it, sir; and I wish Tony was back here to know you and thank you for all your attention to his mother."

"You are expecting him, then?" asked he.

"Well, sir, I am, and I am not. One letter is full of hope and expectancy; by Thursday or Friday he's to have some tidings about this or that place; and then comes another, saying, how Sir Harry counsels him to go out and make friends with his uncle. All mammon, sir—nothing but mammon; just because this old man is very rich, and never was married."

"I suspect you are in error there, madam. Sir Omerod was married at least twenty years ago, when I first heard of him at Naples."

She shook her head doubtfully, and said, "I have always been told the reverse, sir. I know what you allude to, but I have reason to believe I am right, and there is no Lady Butler."

"It is curious enough, madam, that through a chance acquaintance on a railroad train, I learned all about the lady he married. She was an Italian."

"It's the same story I have heard myself, sir. We only differ about the ending of it. She was a stage-player, or a dancer."

"No, madam; a very celebrated prima donna."

"Ay," said she, as though there was no discrepancy there. "I heard how the old fool—for he was no young man then—got smitten with her voice and her beauty, and made such a fuss about her, taking her here and there in his state coach, and giving great entertainments for her at the Embassy, where the arms of England were over the door; and I have been told that the king heard of it, and wrote to Sir Omerod a fearful letter, asking how he dared so to degrade the escutcheon of the nation he represented. Ah, you may smile, sir,"—Maitland had indeed smiled alike at her tale and the energy with which she told it,—“you may smile, sir; but it was no matter for laughter, I promise you. His majesty called on him to resign, and the great Sir Omerod, who wouldn't know his own brother because he married a minister's daughter, fell from his high station for sake of—I will not say any hard words; but she

was not certainly superior in station to myself, and I will make no other comparison between us."

"I suspect you have been greatly misled about all this, madam," said Maitland, with a quiet, grave manner. "Sir Omerod—I heard it from my travelling companion—took his retiring pension and quitted diplomacy the very day he was entitled to it. So far from desiring him to leave, it is said that the minister of the day pressed him to remain at his post. He has the reputation of possessing no mean abilities, and certainly enjoyed the confidence of the court to which he was accredited."

"I never heard so much good of him before; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Maitland, if you had warned me that you were his friend, I'd scarcely have been so eager to make your acquaintance."

"Remember, my dear madam, all I have been telling you reached myself as hearsay."

"Well, well," said she, sighing, "he's not over-likely to trouble his head about me, and I don't see why I am to flash myself for him. Are you minded to stay much longer in this neighborhood, Mr. Maitland?" said she, to change the topic.

"I fear not, madam. I have overstayed everything here but the kindness of my hosts. I have affairs which call me abroad, and some two or three engagements, that I have run to the very last hour. Indeed, I will confess to you, I delayed here to meet your son."

"To meet Tony, sir?"

"Yes, madam. In my intercourse with the Lyles I have learned to know a great deal about him; to hear traits of his fine generous nature, his manly frankness, and his courage. These were the testimonies of witnesses who differed widely from each other in age and temperament, and yet they all concurred in saying he was a noble-hearted young fellow, who richly deserved all the fortune that could befall him."

"Oh, dear, sir, these are sweet words to his poor mother's ears. He is all that I have left me, and you cannot know how he makes up to me for want of station and means, and the fifty other things that people who are well off look for. I do hope he'll come back before you leave this. I'd like to let you see I'm not over-boastful about him."

"I have had a project in my head for some days back. Indeed, it was in pursuance of

it I have been so persevering in my attempts to see you, madam. It occurred to me from what Sir Arthur Lyle said of your son, that he was just the person I have long been looking out for—a man of good name and good blood, fresh to the world, neither hackneyed, on the one hand, nor awkwardly ignorant, on the other—well brought up and high principled—a gentlemen, in fact. It has long been a plan of mine to find one such as this, who, calling himself my secretary, would be in reality my companion and my friend—who would be content to share the fortunes of a somewhat wayward fellow for a year or two, till, using what little influence I possess, I could find means of effectually establishing him in life. Now, madam, I am very diffident about making such a proposal to one in every respect my equal, and, I have no doubt, more than my equal in some things; but if he were not my equal, there would be an end to what I desire in the project. In fact, to make the mere difference of age the question of superiority between us is my plan. We should live together precisely on terms of equality. In return for that knowledge of life I could impart to him,—what I know of the world, not acquired altogether without some sharp experience,—he would repay me by that hearty and genial freshness which is the wealth of the young. Now, madam, I will not tire you with any more of my speculations, purely selfish as they are; but will at once say, if when your son and I meet, this notion of mine is to his taste, all the minor details of it shall not deter him. I know I am not offering a career, but it is yet the first step that will fit him for one. A young fellow, gifted as he is, will needs become, in a couple of years' intercourse with what is pre-eminently society, a man of consummate tact and ability. All that I know of life convinces me that the successful men are the ready-witted men. Of course I intend to satisfy you with respect to myself. You have a right to know the stability of the bank to which you are intrusting your deposit. At all events, think over my plan, and

if nothing has already fallen to your son's hands in London, ask him to come back here and talk it over with me. I can remain here for a week—that is, if I can hope to meet him."

The old lady listened with all attention and patience to this speech. She was pleased by the flattery of it. It was flattery, indeed, to hear that consummately fine gentleman declare that he was ready to accept Tony as his equal in all things, and it was more than flattery to fancy her dear boy mingling in the pleasures and fascinations of the great world, courted and admired, as she could imagine he would be; but there were still drawbacks to all these. The position was that of a dependent; and how would Tony figure in such a post? He was the finest-tempered, most generous creature in the world, where no attempt to overbear interfered; but any show of offensive superiority would make a tiger of him.

Well, well, thought she, it's not to be rejected all at once, and I'll just talk it over with the minister. "May I consult an old friend and neighbor of mine, sir, before I speak to Tony himself?" said she, timidly.

"By all means, madam; or, if you like it better, let me call on him, and enter more fully into my plan than I have ventured to do with you."

"No, thank you, sir. I'll just talk the matter over with the doctor, and I'll see what he says to it all. This seems a very ungracious way to meet your great kindness, sir; but I was thinking of what a while ago you called my deposit, and so it is—it's all the wealth I possess—and even the thought of resigning it is more than I can bear."

"I hope to convince you one of these days, madam, that you have not invested unprofitably;" and with many courteous assurances that, decide how she might, his desire to serve her should remain, he took his leave, bequeathing, as he passed out, a glow of hope to the poor widow's heart, not the less cheering that she could not freely justify nor even define it.

RECENT NOTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES
TO A CLERGYMAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

SANDRINGHAM, Nov. 5, 1863.

SIR,—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to say, in answer to your letter of the 22d inst., that it will give him very great pleasure to present to the Library of Cambridge University a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nabloos.

The Prince of Wales desires me to add that he will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince in however slight a manner the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality which he received during his visit to the United States; and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
HERBERT FISHER, *Private Secretary*.

The above note is an answer to the request of a clergyman in Cambridge for a photograph of what claims to be the oldest MS. in the world for Harvard College Library. Having seen and touched this adored relic at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and learning from the prince's chaplain that the unparalleled favor had been done the distinguished visitors of granting them a photograph, I ventured to ask a copy for that Library which cherishes the prince's name as one of its most interesting autographs. And there any person interested in antiquities can see it any day, among what is becoming a large collection of real curiosities. The Samaritans profess that it is more than three thousand years old, and by the grandson of Aaron: but no one that ever saw it has questioned its great age, nor failed of being impressed by the reverence with which it is regarded.

H.

The last American telegrams reported Mr. Lincoln ill of small-pox, and unable to deliver his message on that account. There is good reason to hope that his illness is not serious; but the mind naturally glances at the possible calamity which the country might sustain in his death. Few men of average abilities ever managed to inspire a more profound trust in their integrity and firmness than Lincoln has contrived to implant in both his friends and foes, and certainly there is no man in his Cabinet, not even Mr. Chase, whom the world would trust as well. If he were to die before his term of office was out, he would be succeeded by the Vice-President, the Honorable Hannibal Hamlin, who is said to be a man of resolute character, in any case quite unlikely to be a cipher, and even more strongly committed to the anti-slavery policy than his chief. He has been governor of Maine, and was United States Senator for that State when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency. Formerly a Democrat, he left the Democratic party on discovering its corruption before the Republican party was formed. Let us hope, however, that there will be no occasion for the curious medley of associations suggested by the substitution of a Hannibal, in the political patriarchate, for an Abraham.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

tion in 1819, "has gradually ceased to keep pace with the ideas and wants of the present time." All the privileges which are no longer in keeping with the "present liberal regime" are abrogated. The School will henceforth be under a director appointed every five years by the government. All the professors and officials will likewise henceforth be appointed and paid exclusively by the government. The director is to have 8,000 francs, each professor 2,400 francs, annually. The pupils will have "obligatory classes" in history, æsthetics, archaeology, perspective, and anatomy. Every quarter the professors have to report on the progress of their pupils to the ministry. The usual prize, the Prix de Rome, will henceforth only be given for four, not, as hitherto, for five, years; but the prizeman need no longer spend all his time in Rome, but may travel for two years. Engravers and lithographers will only get the prize for three years, two of which are to be spent at Rome. For the next five years Robert Fleury has been appointed director of the school.

The *Moniteur* contains an imperial decree respecting the late changes in the organization of the School of Fine Arts, which, since its founda-

THE Queen gave Mr. Frith a fourth sitting on Saturday for his picture of the Prince of Wales's marriage. During the past week the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, and the Crown Prince of Denmark have also given him sittings.

THANKSGIVING-DAY AT BERLIN.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, December 1, 1863.

Agreeably to the call of the President, the loyal Americans in Berlin met to celebrate the peculiarly American festival of Thanksgiving. Rev. Dr. Tappan, ex-president of Michigan University, delivered a patriotic, unconditional-Union address in the American chapel, and the dinner took place at the St. Petersburg Hotel. There were present about sixty Americans and a number of invited guests, among whom were Professor Neumann, of Munich University, who is here publishing his able history of the United States, and Professor Telkamp, of Breslau University, the only Liberal member of the Prussian House of Lords. The dinner, though excellent, lacked the cranberry sauce, the pumpkin pie, and other indispensable accessories to an American Thanksgiving dinner. In the absence of our minister, Mr. Judd, who is now on a visit home, the table was presided over by Theodore S. Fay, late minister of the United States at Berne, who is spending the winter in Berlin, and returns to America in the spring.

After the dinner speeches were made by Mr. Fay, Mr. Kreissmann (Secretary of the United States Legation in Berlin), Rev. Dr. Tappan, Hon. Mr. Holton of Milwaukee, Mr. Woodruff of Brooklyn, Professor Neumann, Professor Telkamp and others. The sad condition of the United States, and especially the news we had just received of the barbarities in Libby Prison, prevented the usual hilarity incident to these festive occasions. And let me here say that the Southerners show very bad policy by the barbarous treatment of our prisoners at Richmond. For the effect upon Europe, they might better lose a battle than have the reports of Libby Prison shock the moral sense and excite the loathing and disgust of even those parties who have been their friends and advocates. The tardy permission they have given our government to send food to the starving prisoners only makes their crime stand out more vividly, and contrasts horribly before the world with the generous treatment of rebel prisoners and the general humane conduct of the war by the North.

SPEECH OF MR. FAY.

Mr. Fay spoke with great feeling and power

upon this point. His remarks were substantially as follows:—

"With surprise and diffidence I address you from this chair. I am called to occupy it in consequence of the temporary absence of our excellent and highly esteemed minister, Mr. Judd. I am not insensible to the honor. I rejoice in every opportunity to express my opinion upon the great, the much misrepresented crisis through which we are passing. I rejoice particularly to-night, because I wish to touch upon a subject of pre-eminent interest.

"There is a country called Dahomey in Africa. The government is a despotism, pure and simple—hell-born, God-defying—without disguises or pretensions to be other than it is. The king has founded his commercial prosperity upon the slave-trade. He makes war upon the neighboring tribes, thus procuring slaves for exportation. His people manufacture spears, swords, daggers, clubs; but his chief staple is men, women, children, young girls. He is worshipped as a deity. One of the sacred symbols is a leopard, another a serpent, perhaps a rattlesnake. The royal bed-chamber is paved with skulls; the roof is adorned with jaw-bones of chiefs he has slain in battle. Once a year all the women of the country appear before him. He selects, first, wives for himself, then for his ministers and officers. If any persons would speak to his majesty, they must approach by lying flat on their faces and rolling their heads in the dust. One of the late kings was named Bossa. His first act of sovereignty was to put to death every person of that name in his dominions. The atrocities perpetrated to supply the slave trade pass all comprehension. The king is not a mawkish sentimentalist; no fanatical 'puritanism' embarrasses his large mind, or checks his far-seeing projects to place on a solid foundation the powerful empire of Dahomey. Once a year he holds a grand festival, which lasts for several weeks, during which he waters the graves of his royal ancestors with the blood of hosts of human victims. A few years ago he caused to be built a reservoir, and collected human beings for sacrifice,—enough to fill it with blood,—so that he could appear on those gory waves in a boat, and his admiring subjects behold him in all the greatness of his power and the beauty of his glory.

"The British Government—for England has ever stood in the van of civilization—is a declared enemy of slavery, a Christian nation (from her noble Queen flows out through the world an example for all women and sovereigns)—may her statesmen never lower her among the nations—the British Government remonstrated with the King of Dahomey

upon this grand annual festival. The bland monarch replied, it was undoubtedly objectionable in many respects; but it was a 'peculiar institution'—a legal institution—and one of the corner-stones of the kingdom of Dahomey. Foreigners could not understand its operations, and under these circumstances it was not easy or expedient to abolish it abruptly!

"Ladies and gentlemen, I stand here to defend the King of Dahomey. Africa, by its natural configuration, the absence of bays, gulfs, inland seas, and great navigable rivers, has, in the mysterious plan of God, been almost unavoidably left in a state of barbarism. A recent traveller states he saw in its interior people coming from market with baskets of meat, which proved to be fragments of human bodies. This is the land of the King of Dahomey. No white-winged ships sweep across that continent from different quarters of the globe, bearing improvements of civilization and the light of the gospel.

"When this dark ruler shall be asked, at the bar of his Maker, 'Why hast thou done this?' I believe he will answer, 'I had no light; I had no Christ. Father, forgive me!' And will not the Infinite Mercy cover him with its mantle?

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is another land. Its natural configuration marks it for the seat of a high civilization. Gulfs, bays, lakes, rivers are there—the largest and most numerous of the globe. There the school, the pulpit, and the legislative chambers have been at work. The press speaks aloud. The Word of God flows in streams broader than the greatest rivers. Yet, in that land,—almost on the estate of Washington,—by order and under the very eyes of that bad man, Jefferson Davis (whose name has been held up for veneration by a British statesman as the 'creator of a new nation'), ten thousand prisoners of war, who have given their life for Christian liberty and for the rights of free labor—whose only crime is defending their legitimate government (which Earl Russell has declared a great blessing to mankind)—ten thousand prisoners of war are held in Libby Prison in Richmond by a usurped, vindictive, tottering, poverty-stricken authority, so that many of them are *starving to death*.

"This seems exaggeration. I have reason to believe, from public and private sources, that it is *true*. One hundred and eighty were lately released (on account of their dying state), squalid, meagre, exhausted skeletons; eight died on their way home; thirty-five died afterwards, and thirty are stated to be dying. This atrocity is unequalled, either by the Black Hole of Calcutta, the cave of Algeria, or the fête of Dahomey.

The latter is prolonged only three weeks. They are not tortured. They are mercifully massacred, as our butcher slays the ox. A blow with a club—a sombre groan—and the deed is done. But in the Libby Prison I *know* some have been six months. Many have become insane from want of food, and their maniac shrieks ring through the building. The kitchen adjoins the dead-house, where the corpses are suffered to accumulate till the keepers are obliged by their stench to remove them. The man in command at the prison is called General Winder. A jailer, with some humanity left in him (not General Winder), threw to one of the prisoners a piece of bread. The wretched being grasped it with his bony hand, and died before he could raise it to his lips. Is there any one with heart so dead and with mind so besotted as to plead, in defence of this crime, the law of nations, the laws of war, or that the rebels themselves have no food? If they cannot feed their prisoners, why do they not parole them?

"This is the explanation:

"The exchange of war prisoners is arrested by the following dilemma: The rebels refuse to exchange negro war prisoners on the same footing as white—meaning to treat them as criminals. Our Government cannot, ought not, to exchange on such conditions. The rebels, doubtless, under other circumstances, would not deliberately starve ten thousand prisoners to death; but, themselves in want of food, drunk with rage and despair, and unwilling to betray their poverty to the world, they thus retain prisoners whom they have no means of feeding. The spirit in which this is done may be judged by the following remark in a late number of the *Richmond Enquirer*: 'Let the d—d Yankees learn to meet the bullet on the battle-field, but let them take care *not to get into the Libby Prison!*'

"The *Richmond Enquirer* means, in other words: 'Leave the negro war-prisoners entirely to our tender mercies, and thus surrender the principle which lies at the bottom of this war, or we will leave your ten thousand white countrymen to perish by hunger.' This, I believe, is the spirit of that narrow-minded, selfish, unscrupulous demagogue, Jefferson Davis, and the desperate adventurers in his immediate confidence—not, I am sure, of all the Southerners, or even the Southern leaders, among whom are honest and good people enough, duped or forced into this crime.

"I have placed the King of Dahomey and Mr. Davis together, because they belong together. The two gentlemen are associates in business. They do the same work, deal in the same article, and in the same spirit—the

spirit of savage despotism, and the lowest pecuniary speculation. The King of Dahomey sweeps the adjoining territories with his armies, in order to procure a supply of the glorious staple, while Mr. Davis has organized this rebellion for the purpose of creating a large demand. The firm consists of three parties: the King of Dahomey is the resident agent in Africa; Mr. Davis, the head partner, resides, for the present, in Richmond; the third partner, of inferior rank but equal utility and merit, is the slave-trader—the ferocious pirate who carries the human cargo from Africa to Cuba, and whom the success of the rebellion would admit into the ports of New Orleans, Charleston, New York, and Boston. Both empires have the same object, and are built on the same corner-stone. If Mr. Davis succeeds, it will consolidate and extend the empire of Dahomey. If the King of Dahomey and his compeers be suppressed, the whole enterprise of Mr. Davis must fail for want of supply.

“It is true the bed-chamber of Mr. Davis is not paved with human skulls; but has not his gigantic crime laid a hundred thousand—yes, three or four hundred thousand—heads in the dust, and carried anguish into almost every family of the country? It is true he has not filled a cistern at Richmond with blood, and thus outwardly revealed himself to his admiring followers in a boat; but the waves of blood upon which he has attempted to float his bark into power—are they not far greater in quantity than was ever shed by his royal partner? They are marked

by the Christians of the earth; and God has doubtless noted them in that great book out of which, we are told, ‘the dead shall be judged according to their works.’

“The King of Dahomey is said, under the influence of the British Government, to have modified his annual festival, and to have discovered that palm oil, ivory, salt, etc., are articles of commerce as well as slaves. Will not the British Government and the newspaper organs of British public opinion persuade Mr. Davis, also, that slavery and the slave-trade are not, as he has officially proclaimed, ‘the corner-stone rejected by man and received by God,’ but the corner-stone rejected by God and by civilized men, and defended only by the devil and his children?

“Again: The British Government and press promptly remonstrated with the Federal Government for its pretended intention to destroy Charleston harbor. Why do they not now remonstrate with Jefferson Davis for unnecessarily and ferociously inflicting upon so many prisoners the most frightful, lingering form of death?

“Whence this black treason—these diabolical crimes and passions in our once happy land? They are the children of slavery. What fairer offspring could such a mother bring forth? How strikingly it recalls the passage quoted by Mr. Senator Sumner:—

“‘Pard genders pard—tigers from tigers spring, No dove is hatched beneath the vulture’s wing.’”

G. F. C.

THE Austrian colonies are in a ferment, even the judges joining in public meetings to protest against the revival of transportation to any part of the continent. Even as it is, bushrangers in New South Wales plunder small towns with impunity, and the colonists affirm that wherever they may be sent, the convicts will sooner or later make their way to the settled districts. It appears to be beyond question that if the plan be persisted in the colonists will resist, and it must not be forgotten that even the Cape Colony, which has not begun to talk of setting up for itself, rebelled against the introduction of prisoners.

A THIEF has just gained and lost one of the largest prizes ever made by the criminal fraternity. Shaw, English groom to the Duke of Brunswick, who resides in Paris, had learned from his master the secret of opening his diamond chest. This was of iron, and contained diamonds valued at £320,000, besides large sums in gold. He accordingly seized them while the duke was out, and with the usual stupidity

of his class made at once for England. The police thought, of course, that he would do that, telegraphed to the ports, and arrested him at Boulogne with all the diamonds upon him. Shaw affirms that he only gave way to the sudden temptation, and the duke, made wise by experience, proposes to deposit his jewels with the Bank of England or France.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

THE *Times* publishes some remarkable statements on the coming and much-needed increase in the supply of silver. The yield in California is increasing; a new silver region of a hundred miles by forty has been discovered in the Argentine Republic, at the foot of the Andes, and St. Arnaud, in Victoria, is described by miners working there as “a silver Cornwall.” The depreciation in the value of silver is, therefore, likely to keep pace with that in gold, though it will be more quickly checked, as the margin of profit to the miner is considerably less.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

From The New York Evening Post.

THE HISTORY OF NULLIFICATION—STATE RIGHTS.

THE "Loyal Publication Society" has issued a timely pamphlet on "Nullification and Compromise." The author, John Mason Williams, better known as Judge Williams, of Rhode Island, traces the history of the South Carolina heresy, from its origin to its maturity, in a striking and concise manner, giving almost the interest of romance to a narrative which the popular reader might expect to find rather prosy and dull.

The two outbreaks of nullification, in 1832 and 1861, were children of the same father—treason to the country. The rebels of 1832 assumed the championship of State Rights, and deceived many by confounding it with their real designs. So do the Northern rebels, Seymour and his judges, now take the same ground in their attempt to help their "Southern brethren" by resistance to the acts of Congress and the measures of the President. An important and vital distinction is to be observed between the truly democratic doctrine of State Rights and the pernicious dogma which asserts that the State and Federal organizations are normally and constitutionally antagonistic. This latter has been successfully though sophistically worked in with the former; and there are not a few half-enlightened politicians of the present day who accept them as identical. Now, the very first words of the preamble to the Constitution dissipate this absurdity—"To form a more perfect union," etc. That was to take away the antagonism which was felt before that time. It was the pointed purpose of the instrument to reconcile local with common rights, and when the States adopted it, all hurtful antagonism was removed. It was not intended to interfere with the rights of the States in matters essential to their municipal jurisdiction, and the true theory of State Rights under the Constitution, therefore, remains, as it always must remain, a sound and necessary part of the Democratic system. It is unavoidable, where there is agreement or a point of contact, that mutual trespasses shall take place. Hence a power for the decision of all civil conflicts was created by the States themselves in the organization of the Supreme Court. It might as reasonably be expected that a community like New York should transact its hundred millions of business every day with-

out the control of the civil law, as that the multifarious relations of the State and Federal powers should escape all collision.

The pamphlet of Judge Williams seasonably and pertinently revives the events which form the successive steps of the nullification heresy to its current bloody issue. It opens by showing the alleged pretext for the outbreak of 1832—that the impost laws were unconstitutional—to be a mere mask to cover the real designs of the traitors, since the government was conducted harmoniously for thirty years in the protective policy, and South Carolina herself by her Legislature declared her approval of it. This was in 1808. In 1816 the protective system had no more strenuous advocates in Congress than Calhoun and his colleagues. But in 1832 this same South Carolina held a convention, and passed "an ordinance to nullify certain acts of Congress purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities." In the address covering the transmission of the proceedings to the other States occurs the following sentence: "Our resolve is fixed and unalterable, that a protecting tariff shall be no longer enforced within the limits of South Carolina." Had a less resolute man than Andrew Jackson been in the presidential office, history might have been altered. Had James Buchanan been the incumbent, there can hardly be a doubt that the Union would have been dismembered at that time. Jackson's proclamation followed close on the heels of the rebel convention like thunder after a pack of spiteful Chinese crackers. This was succeeded by the responses of the other State Legislatures, all, with but one exception, reiterating the sentiments of the President. There were then twenty-four States in the Union. Virginia slunk from her duty. But one after another—twenty-two States—sent into South Carolina their successive peals of indignant thunder. "One would suppose," says the pamphlet, "that a decent respect for this solemn verdict of the peers would have induced the refractory State to pause in her mad career."

The President's proclamation touched the nerves of the nation. "It passed in review the whole array of the pretexts and sophistries of the convention. They fell before its majestic and triumphal march like grasshoppers beneath the tread of the elephant."

Our space does not permit any extended quotations from the pamphlet of Judge Williams. We cannot do better than to commend it to all classes of people, to read, digest, and spread abroad. The following words from President Jackson's proclamation, appropriately quoted in the pamphlet, may be profitably pondered by some Northern rebels in high places, who are making an infamous history for themselves, from which their children will turn away their faces :—

"I adjure you, as you love the cause of freedom, as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention. Tell its members that, compared with disunion all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled flag of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country! Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability, but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder."

PUNCH AND THE AMERICAN WAR.

MR. WASHINGTON WILKS recently, in a lecture upon the Whittington Club, in London, showed up the course of *Punch* towards this country, and on the slavery question, since the outbreak of the war. He referred to "the many humorous things that had been done by *Punch* since the American war commenced, the first of which was the divorce *a vinculo*, a cartoon, in which Mrs. Carolina asserted her right to larrup her own nigger, and Abraham Lincoln upheld and protected him from her. In the same number *Punch* described the Confederates as confederates in the crime of upholding slavery, and urged that the more doggedly the slavemongers combined the more firmly good Republicans should unite. In April, 1861, *Punch* advised the South not to hoist their flag until they were entitled to do so; but the South not taking his advice, he wrote an anthem for them. It was always necessary that a nation

should have a national anthem; and *Punch* wrote the following one for them on April 20, 1861. It was a parody on one of our most popular songs. It ran thus :—

"When first the South, to fury fanned,
Arose and broke the Union chain,
This was the charter of the land,
And Mr. Davis sang the strain :
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves.

"And Trade that knows no God but gold,
Still to thy pirate port repair,
Blest land where flesh, where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that air :
Rule Slaveonia, Slaveonia rules and raves,
Christians ever, ever, ever have been slaves."

"That was the language of *Punch* on the 20th of April, and on the 4th of May, when the news came of the fight at Fort Sumter, when the first rebel shot was fired at the flag of the United States, he wrote, after describing the fight, 'And so ends the first, and we trust the last, engagement of the American civil war.' The difficulties, however, increased in America, and on the 11th of May *Punch* produced a cartoon of Abraham Lincoln sitting before the fire and a cloud of smoke coming out. Lincoln was there represented as saying, 'What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the blacks!'

"In this month *Punch* appeared to be sore in spirit, for he wrote : 'This is no matter for jest. I cannot write about it in ink, for such deeds should be written in drops of blood and tears, for in this land of prosperity there must be slavery secured or a long succession of war.' On the 18th of May there was the pencil of the artist again brought to bear in the cartoon of 'Cæsar Imperator.' There the nigger was represented as the emperor, and the North and South the gladiators. On the 25th of May *Punch* changed his note, and he could not see which side was to blame. Before that the South was all wrong, but at that date he could not tell who was right. He then wrote the following verse :—

"O Jonathan and Jefferson,
Come listen to my song,
I can't decide, my word upon,
Which of you is most wrong.
I do believe I am afraid
To say which worse behave,
The North imposing bonds on trade,
Or South that men enslave."

It was asserted that the North had fettered trade, and *Punch* could not see who was wrong.

"Would any one credit that for the sake of a twopenny extra duty upon certain articles two nations would go to war? (No,

no.) No, it was not; and so Mr. *Punch* thought in the course of the next week. On June the 1st, having read President Jefferson Davis's address, in which he said their cause was 'just and holy,' he remarked, 'Could not the negroes of the Southern States, if they rose against their masters, say as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection?'

"But on the 17th of August they had the first account of the first great battle that had been fought. It was fought by raw levies that had never fired a rifle with ball in it before, and they were led up to the margin of a wood with cannon bearing down upon them, and no wonder that they gave way. The way *Punch* met that was by making a cartoon, in which they were described in their flight as being on their way to take Canada. And still later he said that the accounts of that battle ought to be written on flying sheets. He (Mr. W. Wilks) would ask the meeting whether that was the way to encourage a friendly feeling towards us on the part of the Americans."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Paris Correspondence of the Economist, Aug., 1863.
HISTORY OF THE EMIGRATION OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SOME months back I mentioned that M. Jules Duval, a writer of great repute in the economic world, had brought out *chez Messrs. Guillaumin and Co., a Histoire de l'Emigration au XIXe. Siècle*. The author's name alone would have been a sufficient recommendation of the work; but it is presented to the public with the solemn approbation of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences—that learned body having, on the report of no less a personage than M. Hippolyte Passy, awarded it a prize, or, in French phrase, "crowned" it. Well does it deserve this high honor; for, it is, perhaps, the most able and learned, and certainly the most comprehensive and exact history of emigration that has yet been published in any language. The author divides his book into two parts—treating in one of what he calls emigration independent of all engagements, such as is practised by the great majority of European populations; in the other of salaried emigration with engagements, that which is practised under contract in India, China, and parts of Africa. Under these different heads he gives an historical and statistical account of emigration from all the countries of the four parts of the globe in which it has taken place in the course of the present century; and he studies the effects it has produced on the countries which the emigrants left and

those to which they went, and the advantages it has secured the emigrants themselves.

To collect the facts and figures which the execution of his plan necessitated must have necessitated vast industry; and the author has arranged them with admirable clearness, and has displayed great sagacity in deducing lessons from them. He examines his subject in every aspect,—economic, social, political, moral; he shows what encourages and what checks emigration; and he sets forth the principles by which emigrants should be guided in selecting a new home. His grand conclusion is that emigration is not only beneficial to the countries to which the emigrants go, but that it proves the fecundity and the vigor of that which sends them forth, and directly or indirectly increases the commerce, political power, and renown of the latter. In other words, he holds that emigrants serve themselves, their new land, and the land of their fathers. But to do this, he shows in a very masterly manner that emigration must be entirely free and independent; and hence he condemns the hiring system. On this point he is no doubt right in principle, but still we must not forget that there are climes, counting amongst the most fruitful, in which none but Chinese, Coolies, or Africans can till the soil, and that there is no other way of inducing such people to go there, and to work when they are there, than to hire them beforehand for a given period and on fixed terms.

In the introduction to his work, M. Duval contrasts the rapid increase of the population in England with the slow growth of that of France, and ascribes the former in a great measure to emigration. He then says, with much eloquence, "Let others denounce if they will, as culpable want of foresight, the energetic multiplication of the English people, and felicitate France on being preserved from this misfortune by the demi-sterility of marriages; but, for my part, faithful to the ancient morality and patriotism which regarded a numerous posterity as a blessing from God, I point out this exhaustion of vital sap as a symptom of malady and decline. I see the people who emigrate redouble efforts to fill up voids, redouble virtues, savings, and labor to prepare departures and new establishments. Among a people who do not emigrate, I see wealth disbursed in the superfluities of vain luxury: young men idle, without horizons, and without lofty ambition, consuming themselves in frivolous pleasures and petty calculations,—and families alarmed at a fecundity which would impose on them modest and laborious habits. Like stagnant waters, stagnant populations become corrupt. Moved by this spectacle, I should dread for the sedentary race an early degradation, if this inequality revealed a decree of Providence, instead of being a fault of man."

EXPRESSIVE SILENCE.

SACRED silence! All thy power
Have we ever known?
No! We lavish upon *language*
Praise that is thy own.

Thought is silent, in its dwelling
Deep within the breast;
Speech is but the outward clothing
In which thought is drest.

Speech is but the upper current
Of a deep, deep sea;
Far below, in sacred silence,
Must the treasures be.

Calmness, coolness dwell with silence;
Silent falls the dew;
Silent roll the stars above us,
In the unfathomed blue.

Silent worship! 'tis not merely
Found by sitting still;
This is but the outward symbol
Of the silent will.

Silent waiting! not the body,
But the soul, that stands
With bowed head and ear attentive,
For its Lord's commands.

Silent suffering! loud lamenting
Never had thy power.
Silent sympathy! no other
Fits the darkest hour.

Silent gratitude! when language
Vainly strives to tell
All her sense of good accepted,
Silence speaks it well.

Mute submission! meekly bowing
'Neath the Eternal's will;
"Dumb because my Father did it,"
Is its language still.

Silent joy! to give it utterance
Music has no tone,
When 'tis deepest, purest, holiest,
It is all our own.

What can still the voice of slander
Like the mute reply?
Love to slanderer and slandered,
Speaking in the eye.

Is the spirit moved to anger
By another's speech?
Silent mastery of passion
Best his heart will reach.

Silent vigils, silent prayers,
Oh, how they ascend
From the sad and anxious watchers
By the couch they tend;

And like vapor heavenward tending,
They will fall in showers,
Making parched and barren deserts
Cheerful with spring flowers.

Mingling with the crowds around us,
As we pass them by
We can give but friendly greeting,
Or the kind reply.

But the hand-in-hand companions,
Journeying side by side,
Toward the one eternal city,
Loving, true, and tried;

Why should these be ever feeding
Upon words alone,
When the heart's most precious feeling
Is to each unknown?

Ah! how many social gatherings,
Were we simply true,
Would enrich and bless our spirits
More than now they do?

Thought and speech would flow together;
And when these were not,
Silence, like the heavenly manna,
Feeds again the thought.

We should often find at parting,
That a heavenly guest
Known by breaking bread among us,
Had our gathering blest. S.
—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—*Job.*

AND where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

Ah, no! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as far—
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh, where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair.
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they, and where is he!

—*Henry Neele.*